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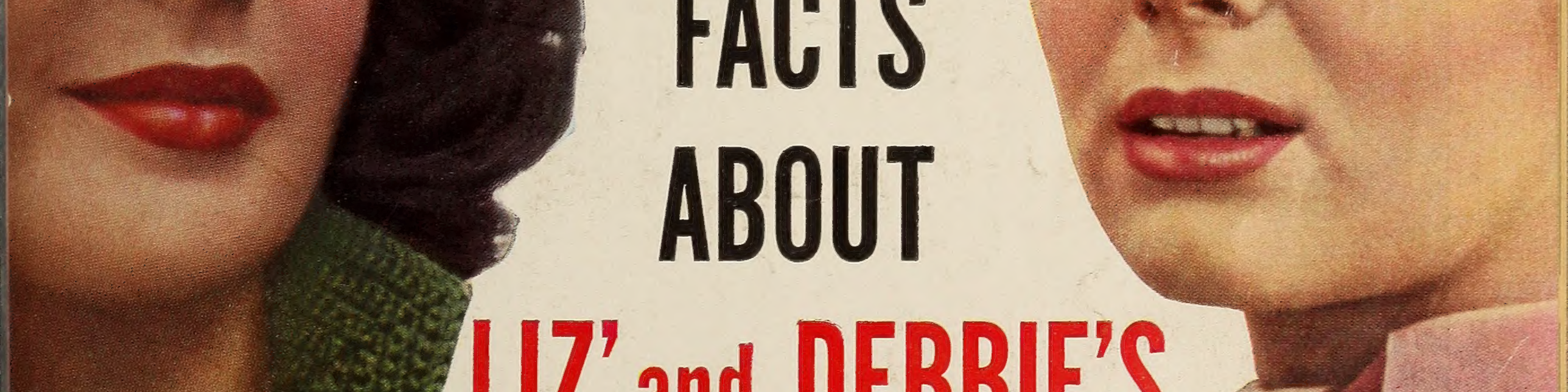
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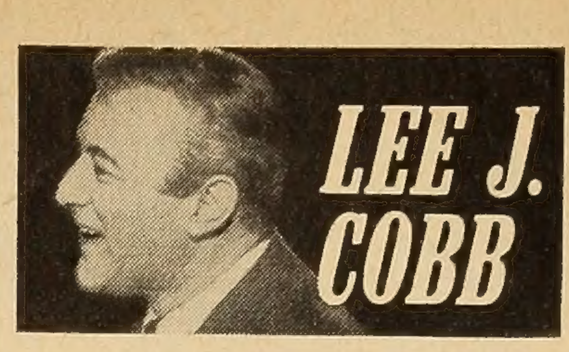
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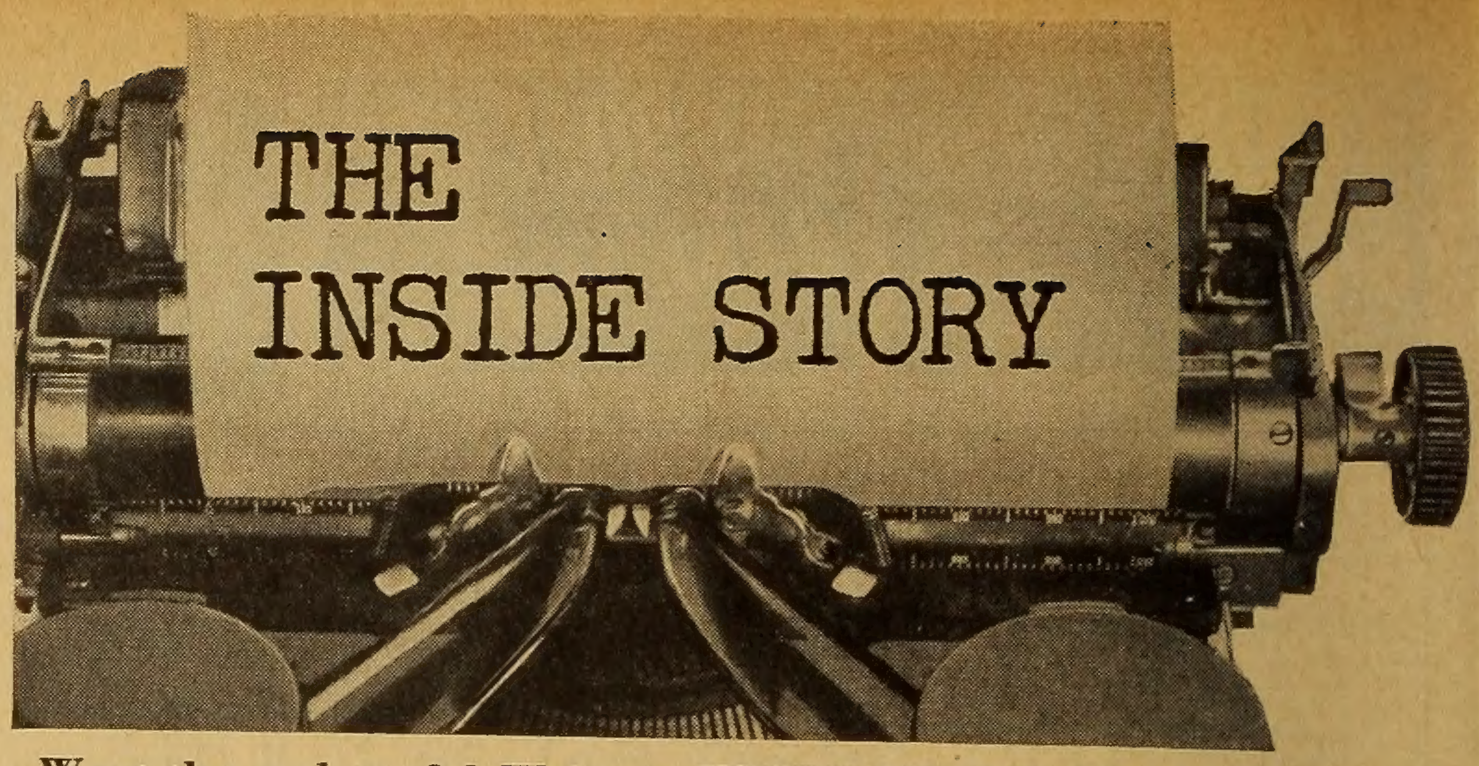


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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Did an emotional upset about her break-up with her husband have any connection with **May Britt**'s walking out of the new movie *Seven Thieves?*
—S.K., Tupelo, Miss.

A *The only connection between May's bowing out of her marriage and that film was an apparent dissatisfaction with the way both were going.*

Q Is there a big romance brewing between **Lauren Bacall** and bullfighter Luis Dominguin who used to date **Ava Gardner?** I read the two saw a great deal of each other in Europe last summer.
—R.E., Front Royal, Va.

A *Lauren and Luis are just good friends. Lauren adores bull fights, Luis adores bull fights and his wife.*

Q Will **Marilyn Monroe** appear on television this season? The columnists say that she is listening attentively to the lucrative offers of the networks.
—M.N., Rego Park, N.Y.

A *Marilyn is listening—but not acting. The only role that interests her is that of Mrs. Willy Loman in a TV version of husband Arthur Miller's* Death Of A Salesman. *The role was originally created in 1949 by character actress* **Mildred Dunnock.** *So far no producer, no matter haw anxious has been brave enough to risk this kind of casting.*

Q In your opinion is **Jill St. John** really in love with Lance however-you-spell-it, or is she just marrying him for his millions and millions and millions?
—S.S., New York City

A *In our opinion, Jill is one of those girls who believe it is just as easy to fall in love with a millionaire as it is with a miller's son—and was lucky enough to find Lance Reventlow.*

Q Since **Nick Adams** has married Carol Nugent, I have heard nothing about his friendship with **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**. I thought the four would be double dating all the time. Is Nat as anti-Carol as she was anti-**Kathy Nolan**?
—N.K.L., Ivoryton, Conn.

A *Nat and Bob have always felt three is a ball, four is a crowd. They are now having a ball with* **Frank Sinatra.**

Q What are **Gina Lollobrigida** and **Frank Sinatra** doing about those reports which have Gina divorcing her husband in order to be free to continue her romance with her *Never So Few* co-star?
—R.P., Los Angeles, Calif.

A *Planning to sue the foreign correspondent who started spreading them.*

Q Exactly who is this teenager that **Errol Flynn** wants to marry if his wife **Pat Wymore** would ever consent to a divorce?
—D.G., Cincinnati, Ohio

A *Sixteen-year-old Beverly Adland was a former classmate of Errol's son.*

Q Could you possibly give me one *good* reason in this world why a fifteen-year-old girl like **Tuesday Weld** should be dating forty-five-year-old **John Ireland**?
—T.H., Buffalo, N.Y.

A *No.*

Q Is it true that **Bill Holden** is planning to live permanently in Sweden where he can avoid high taxes—even though it means giving up his American citizenship?
—G.F., Westfield, N.J.

A *Bill's decided to settle for Switzerland where he can save both taxes—and citizenship.*

Q Now that **Pier Angeli** and **Vic Damone** have separated again, do you think his reason for the reconciliation was to have his son live with him again?
—S.K.L., Cairo, Ill.

A *Perry will remain with Vic while Pier is abroad. Her friends allegedly suspect his motives for the last reconciliation.*

Q There's been a rumor that **Liz Taylor** is so desperate for money since **Eddie Fisher** lost all his American shows that she's lowered her asking price per movie in order that *she* keep working regularly. What about this?
—O.T., Erie, Penn.

A *Liz has upped her asking price to a cool million per picture, a tax-free $300,000 for a TV shot.*

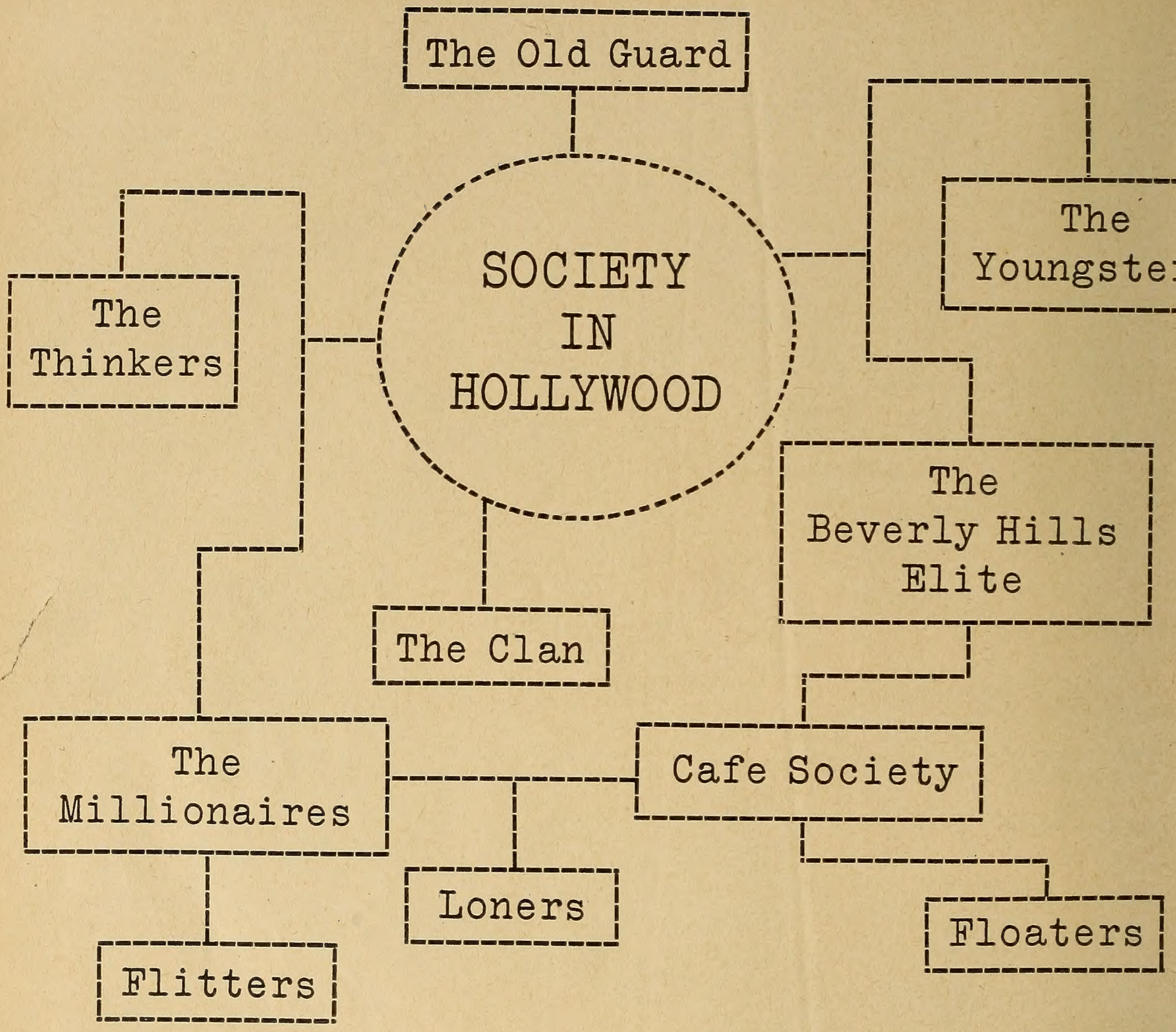
Q How did the explosive combination of Brando and Magnani get along when they were working together in *The Fugitive Kind?*
—A.K., Washington, D.C.

A *Like T.N.T.*

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The only thing you can say for sure about friendship in Hollywood is: it's always changing.

For example, in Frank Sinatra's tight little social group, Sammy Davis Jr. was one of the most-welcomed members. Wherever Frankie went, Sammy could go. Then, Sammy got involved with an actress, and Frank disapproved. He gave some brotherly advice to Sammy, who did not welcome same. When Sammy was playing a date in Chicago, he got on a disc jockey show and made some aspersions about Frank's social conduct. Someone happened to send a tape of the broadcast to Frank.

That ended the friendship. Sammy was completely out of the Sinatra circle until he apologized sufficiently to appease Frank.

Example No. 2: Desi Arnaz' claim to fame was tenuous at best. He was noted chiefly as a bongo-beater and husband of the actress Lucille Ball. Their marriage was rather stormy and unstable, since he was often on the road with an orchestra, playing for tired businessmen who wanted to shake their hips.

There was scant reason to invite Arnaz to the better parties.

Then came something called television and a (Continued on page 8)

The Inquiring Photographer

THE QUESTION

Everyone wants "The Best of Everything"—but everyone differs as to what it is. What's your idea of

"THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"?

WHERE ASKED

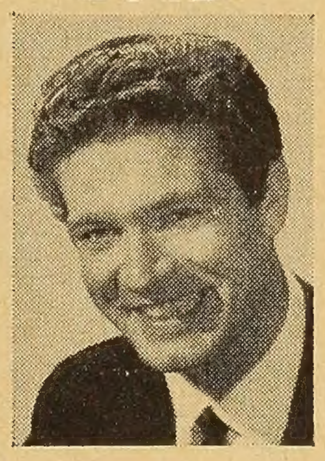
20th Century-Fox studios, Hollywood, during the filming of Jerry Wald's production of "The Best Of Everything," directed by Jean Negulesco in CinemaScope and Color by De Luxe.

Caroline, just graduated from Radcliffe, played by **HOPE LANGE**



"I can't answer that till I've *tried* everything. I may not wind up with the best, but I'll sure as Satan have the most!"

Mike, Executive, played by **STEPHEN BOYD**



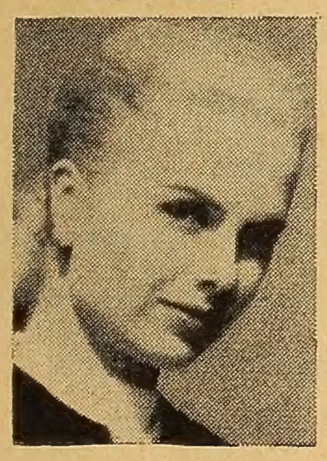
"Escape. In a bottle, or maybe in a girl, provided you don't get too involved. There's always the danger of committing yourself in that weak moment."

Gregg, young actress, played by **SUZY PARKER**



"Last year I'd have said to be a part of the theatre. But now it's to be part of the producer—that he'd as soon stop breathing as let me go!"

Barbara, secretary, played by **MARTHA HYER**



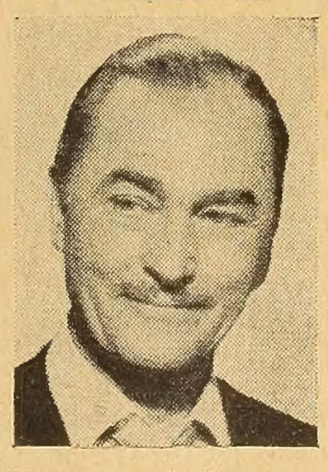
"Just one man to whom a divorcee isn't a blank check to quickie Heaven—who won't think that because I once said 'I do' it means that I always will."

April, secretary, played by **DIANE BAKER**



"A wedding—any kind, any place, just so long as it's quick and legal. If only I'd gotten by that first date without giving myself away—but it's a little late now."

Mr. Shalimar, publisher, played by **BRIAN AHERNE**



"To have the office harem I've got, with after-hours dictation privileges. A man in my position isn't easily satisfied with under-the-table-pinching."

Dexter, man-about town, played by **ROBERT EVANS**



"Girls! Is there anything else?"

David Savage, producer, played by **LOUIS JOURDAN**



"Creating for the theatre. I'd use anything, anybody, to stimulate my creative juices. I'll give them everything in return, short of myself."

Amanda Farrow, editor, played by **JOAN CRAWFORD**



"Success in business—the feeling of power that comes with it. It makes up for the bit I have to play at night to keep what I've got in the daytime."

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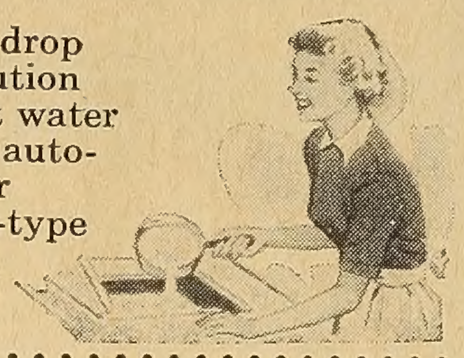
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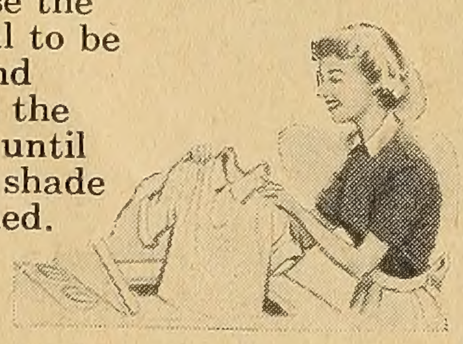
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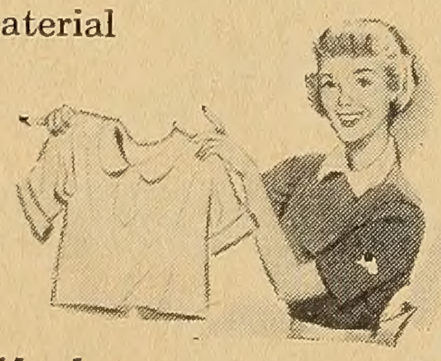
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3 Rinse material well.



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(*Continued from page 6*)

show titled *I Love Lucy*. Soon he was a TV tycoon. The social set really took notice when Desi plunked down several million to buy up RKO studios.

Now Desi Arnaz is eagerly sought after.

Until recent times, the studio heads ruled Hollywood with iron fists. A bid to their parties was the achievement to be sought. They held the make-or-break power over all careers.

No more. The moguls are diminished, by death, retirement or dwindling power. The star has risen to his greatest height.

This industry change is bound to have an effect on the social pattern, as we shall see in our treatise. Perhaps the best approach to this weighty subject is to list the major social groupings of the Hollywood social scene. Here they are:

THE OLD GUARD

This is the group that has been hardest hit by the passage of time. They comprise the founders and leaders of the industry and some of the longtime stars—the ones who saved their money, since wealth is essential for membership in this bunch.

Death has riddled the Old Guard, which has lost such giants as Harry Cohn, Louis B. Mayer, Cecil B. DeMille, Harry Warner, etc. Others like Nicholas and Joseph Schenck and Darryl F. Zanuck no longer occupy the seats of power.

But there is still plenty of life in the remaining pioneers, and they rule their own social sphere with regality from their mansions in Bel-Air. Each has his own immediate sphere of influence, but they may meet on state occasions such as entertaining royalty.

Samuel Goldwyn, Jack Warner, David O. Selznick (wife: Jennifer Jones) are among the remaining captains of industy. The old-time stars who belong to this grouping include Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Marion Davies, Janet Gaynor (and Gilbert Adrian), Harold Lloyd, etc.

THE BEVERLY HILLS ELITE

The geographical naming is necessary here, since most of the members live in the heart of the Beverly Hills high-rent district. They are extremely rich individuals who have been at the top of their professions for many years. They live elegantly and entertain each other in grand style. The talk is sophisticated but with a heavy emphasis on show business.

The leaders are Jack and Mary Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Danny and Sylvia Kaye, Bill and Edie Goetz, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Van and Evie Johnson, Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman, Groucho Marx and his wife. Marlene Dietrich would join the group when in Hollywood. Also Maurice Chevalier and Noel Coward. The David Nivens, Gary Coopers and James Stewarts can also be included, though they travel with other groups as well.

THE THINKERS

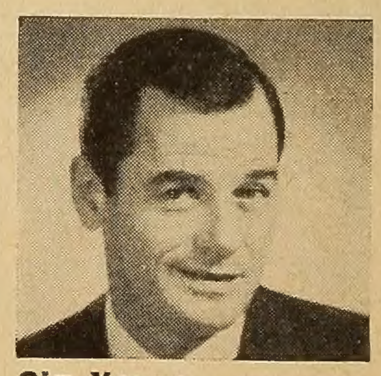
That's the best name for another well-defined circle. In general, they are more recent additions to the social scene, though by no means Johnny-come-latelies. Their achievements may not be as substantial as the Elite, but are generally more recent. Their talk is also about show business, but it is wittier and more cutting. They are more concerned with world affairs and political problems, with art and literature.

But they're not stuffy. Oh, no. They're a lively, charming group. They include the Billy Wilders, the Kirk Douglases, the Gregory Pecks, the Louis Jourdans, the Henry Fondas, the William Holdens, Lauren Bacall, Laurence Olivier when in

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in November, your birthstone is a topaz and your flower is a chrysanthemum, and here are some of the stars you share it with:

November 1—**Betsy Palmer**, **Jeff Richards**
November 2—**Charlotte Austin**, **Burt Lancaster**
November 4—**Cameron Mitchell**
November 5—**Vivien Leigh**, **Joel McCrea**
November 7—**Dean Jagger**
November 8—**Robert Strauss**
November 9—**Hedy Lamarr**, **Russell Johnson**
November 10—**Richard Burton**
November 11—**Pat O'Brien**, **Robert Ryan**
November 12—**Grace Kelly**
November 14—**Veronica Lake**, **Brian Keith**
November 15—**John Kerr**
November 17—**Mari Aldon**, **Rock Hudson**
November 19—**Clifton Webb**
November 20—**Evelyn Keyes**, **Lucy Marlowe**, **Gene Tierney**
November 21—**Vivian Blaine**, **Ralph Meeker**
November 22—**Geraldine Page**
November 23—**Victor Jory**
November 24—**Howard Duff**
November 25—**Kathryn Grant**, **Jeffrey Hunter**, **Ricardo Montalban**
November 27—**Marshall Thompson**
November 28—**Gloria Grahame**
November 30—**Virginia Mayo**



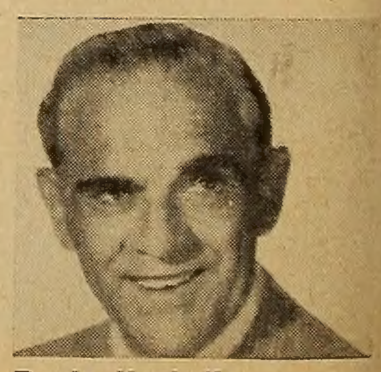
Gig Young
November 4



Katharine Hepburn
November 8



Jean Seberg
November 13



Boris Karloff
November 23

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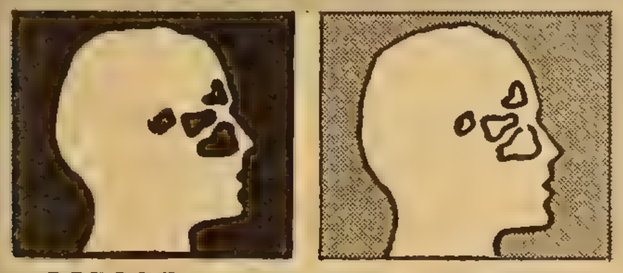
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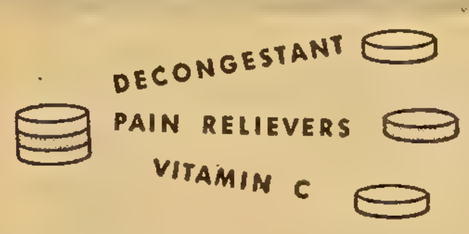
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Hollywood, Peter Ustinov, ditto. New members include Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh and the Dean Martins, who also belong to our next group, the Clan.

THE CLAN

While Frank Sinatra's Clan is by no means as strict as reported (members do *not* have to drive the same foreign car, for example), there are certain rules of conduct that must be observed. One is loyalty to the Leader. Sammy Davis found that out.

This may sound as though Sinatra rules the Clan with an autocratic hand. Frank is a most affable and democratic ruler. He never throws his weight around and is intensely loyal to his buddies. He expects that loyalty to be returned.

Judy Garland was close to Frank until she chose to make her Las Vegas debut at the New Frontier Hotel. This was treason to Sinatra, who owns an interest in the Sands. And so for three years, Judy was Out with a capital O.

But—when Judy later signed for an engagement at the Sands, she was once again In. Frank celebrated the occasion by taking a trainload of his pals from Hollywood to Las Vegas for her opening.

There's plenty of give and take in the Clan, as you can imagine with such individualists as Tony and Janet, the Dean Martins, Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker, Eddie Fisher, Peter Lawford and his wife, the sister of Senator John Kennedy. Each has his say, and there are sometimes internecine battles, as when Fisher and Martin got in a beef over Dean's canceling out on Eddie's TV show.

Typical of the outspokenness of the group was an encounter between Janet Leigh and Sinatra. It happened after Frank broke up with Betty Bacall.

Janet said point-blank to Frank one night: "I don't care what's happened or how you feel; I'm going to go on seeing Betty because I'm very fond of her. So there!" And Frank acquiesced.

THE MILLIONAIRES

There's another important group whose activities are less publicized than the Clan. They gather to exchange genteel conversation in their mansions or at the ultra resorts in the desert or mountains—or around the world. More often than not, they will be discussing their investments.

Included are such figures as June Allyson and Dick Powell, Edgar and Frances Bergen, the Walt Disneys, the Bob Cummings, the Art Linkletters.

CAFE SOCIETY

Night life is pretty well dead in Hollywood. Most entertaining is done in homes. But there is a group of celebrities that can be called Café Society.

This hard core of fun-seekers can generally be seen at the big premieres, the publicity cocktail parties and banquets. Some are newcomers who want to get their names in the newspapers. Some have been around for a while but still like the bright lights and excitement. Many are single and hence have not fitted into any of the fore-mentioned social groups, which are dominated by married couples.

Among them: Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay, Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler, Hugh O'Brian, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Jon Hall, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Dorothy Malone, the Robert Stacks, Joan Collins, Rhonda Fleming.

THE YOUNGSTERS

As with every community, the younger generation in Hollywood is the least or-

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ganized segment of society.

Many are already famous, but are restricted by their youth from joining upper level groups.

Some are on the move upward. Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood, for example, may be drawn into the Clan. Singer Pat Boone may also be pulled into one of the social groups.

In a search for an identity—as well as to aid a worthy cause—many of the younger group have joined the Thalians, a charitable organization of show people.

Gary, Phillip, Dennis and Lindsay Crosby, Tommy Sands and Jimmy Boyd formed their own organization, purchased leather jackets as uniforms and even challenged the Clan to a rumble. The Clan declined.

Less organized members of the young Hollywood generation, who sometimes meet in the offbeat cafes or at informal parties, include: Rick and David Nelson, Buddy Bregman and Anna Maria Alberghetti, Nick Adams, Edd Byrnes, Peter Brown, Jill St. John, Tuesday Weld, Sandra Dee, Carol Lynley, James MacArthur.

FLOATERS

There are a few figures in Hollywood society who can best be called Floaters. These are personalities who are sought after, but decline to join one group.

Top man in this category is Cary Grant. He would be welcomed in anyone's living room and is constantly asked. Too mannerly for an abrupt turndown, he often leaves his intent vague.

The most common remark of Hollywood hostesses is: "Cary may drop in." He seldom does.

Coming up fast as a threat to Grant's honors as a Floater is Rock Hudson. Already the same hostesses are beginning to remark: "Rock may drop in."

LONERS

Hollywood's party-throwers have given up on another group of individualists who simply refuse to join in the social whirl. The most notable example is Marlon Brando. Likewise, Montgomery Clift.

Clark Gable is occasionally seen at a big party, but he prefers his ranch, hunting and fishing.

Marilyn Monroe and Kim Novak are the most notable female Loners by reason of their inherent shyness.

FLITTERS

We cannot close this treatise without consideration of a final group, the Flitters.

These mobile persons have moved from one group to another with amazing agility. Without doubt, the most famous Flitter is Elizabeth Taylor.

Some Flitters fly because of boredom or ambition. In the case of Liz, it has been a matter of marriage. Consider the changes of her social pattern:

Husband No. 1, Nicky Hilton, continued her friendship with the younger Hollywood set, especially the grads of the MGM school—Jane Powell, Marshall Thompson, Janet Leigh, etc.

Husband No. 2, Michael Wilding, introduced her to a more mature, sophisticated group with a decided British accent—Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, James and Pamela Mason, Richard Burton, etc.

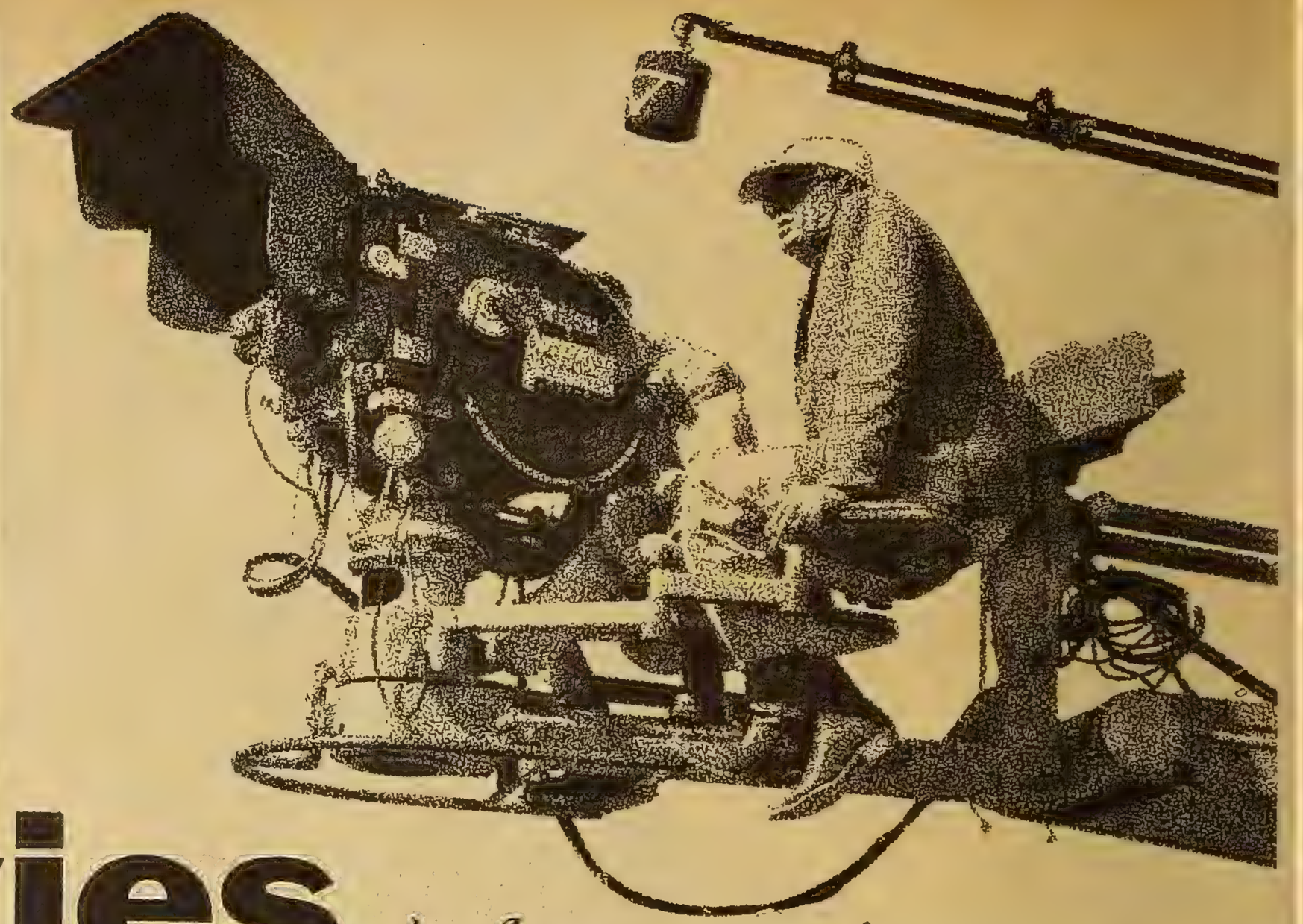
Husband No. 3, Mike Todd, plunged her into the high-powered world of empire builders—the Sam Goldwyns, the Buddy Adlers, etc.

Husband No. 4, Eddie Fisher, brings her into the worlds of pop music and night clubs, plus the vicinity of the Clan.

So goes Liz Taylor.

And so goes Hollywood society. **END**





new movies

by florence epstein

BLUE DENIM

teenage drama

Carol Lynley
Brandon de Wilde
MacDonald Carey
Marsha Hunt
Warren Berlinger

■ When a nice teenage girl meets a nice teenage boy they usually go steady, but it is devoutly to be wished that the girl doesn't get pregnant. This is putting very bluntly a problem that *Blue Denim* explores with the greatest taste and sensitivity. Carol Lynley, daughter of a college professor who is lost in the memory of his dead wife, and Brandon de Wilde, son of a flighty but lovable mother (Marsha Hunt) and a stern, ex-Major of a father (MacDonald Carey), are the kids whose first experience with romance leads very close to disaster. Why does a *good* girl get into trouble? How much blame rests with the parents? (In this case Brandon's parents are too busy marrying off their daughter to sit down and talk to him.) These are a couple of the questions dramatically—and suspensefully—presented. Warren Berlinger, as Brandon's show-off buddy, adds vitality and flavor to the film.—20TH-FOX.

PILLOW TALK

sophisticated comedy

Doris Day
Rock Hudson
Tony Randall
Thelma Ritter
Nick Adams

■ Doris Day—sleek in high-fashion clothes and a career girl's apartment—has everything, except a husband and a private phone. She doesn't want a husband, but she needs the phone to speak to her clients (she's an interior decorator). Sharing her party line is the biggest wolf in New York, songwriter Rock Hudson. Any illusions Doris ever had about men he's destroyed forever. Standing by (with the aid of a psychoanalyst) is thrice-married Tony Randall who wants to restore Doris' illusions. He wants to be married four times; he can afford it. Tony is Rock's best friend. Rock wants to be Doris' best friend. The only way he can try his line (wolf) on her is by assuming a phony accent (Western), a false name and a bashful personality. When the line works he's really in trouble. The dialogue's bright and clever; Thelma Ritter (as Doris' part-time maid) adds her usual hilarity—it's all great fun.—TECHNICOLOR, U-I.

A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR

basic training—for war?

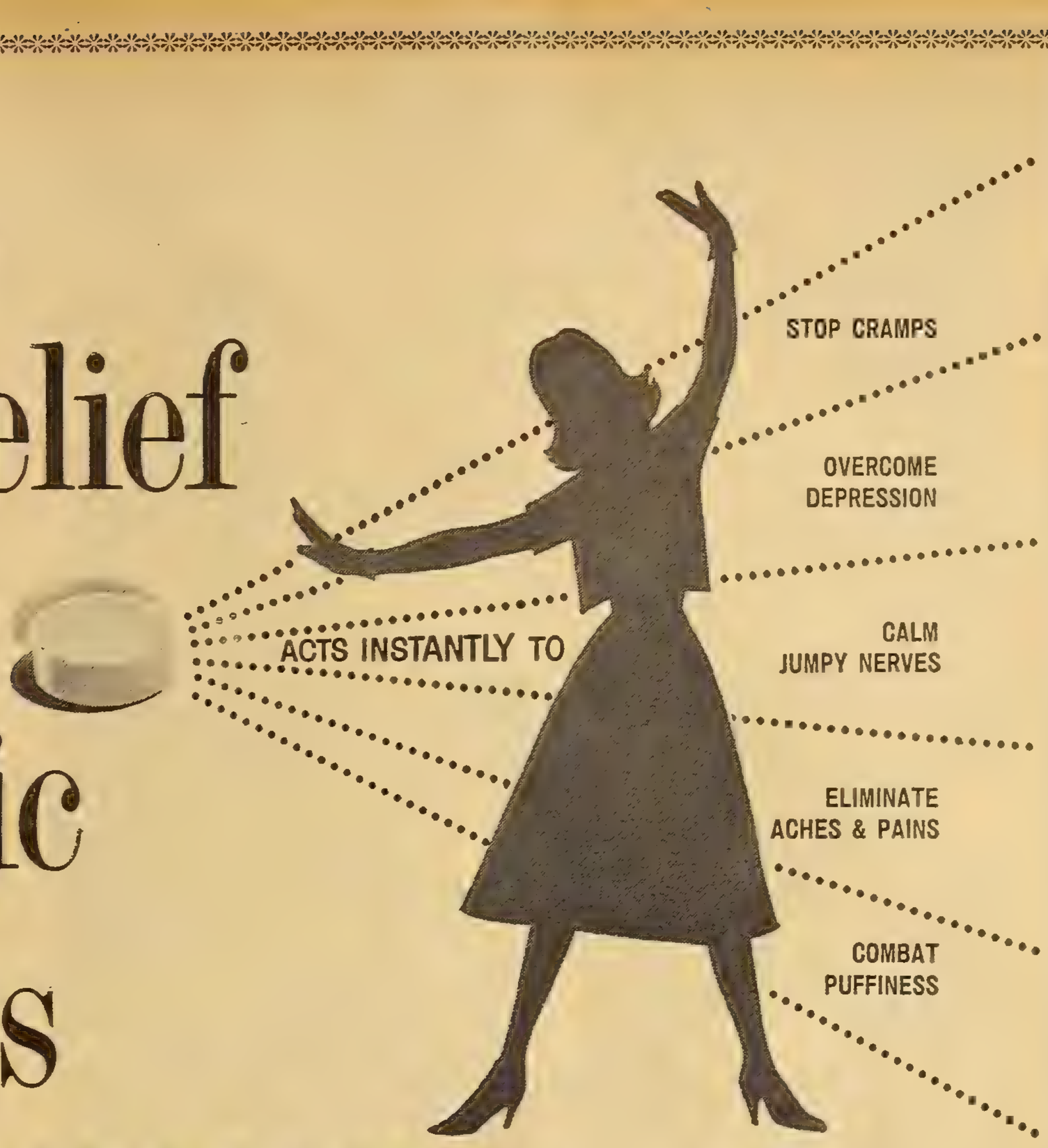
Sal Mineo
Gary Crosby
Barry Coe
Christine Carere
Terry Moore

■ Think of it. All in one army camp in New Jersey are jazzman Sal Mineo, playboy Gary Crosby and college grad Barry Coe. Also Robert Denver who has a tape recorder on which he records commands. (Naturally, when the platoon commander commands, everybody thinks it's the tape recorder and winds up on K.P.) But our three heroes also record a song which Jim Backus, TV's greatest emcee, hears. Backus plans to put them on his all-soldier show. This makes their girlfriends very proud. The girls are Christine Carere (Sal's next-door neighbor who, Sal thinks, is too intellectual); Terry Moore (Barry's childhood friend who, Sal thinks, has 'class') and Barbara Eden (a WAC sergeant who knows how to keep Crosby in line). Everything would be hunky-dory if Barry didn't go and get himself married to the Assistant Secretary of the Army (Jessie Royce Landis). You see, he is in the post hospital with laryngitis and is mistaken for a little girl's dying father. Jessie has decided to marry the man so that she can keep the little girl in the States—otherwise she would be sent to an orphanage in the Netherlands. Barry's asleep during the ceremony but when he wakes up he's so upset he loses his voice again. Before that TV show gets on the air, and Barry gets his freedom, and Jessie gets custody of the girl and true love gets a chance to flower (*Continued on page 14*)



Carol Lynley, as the good girl, is in trouble and frightened. Brandon de Wilde, as the good boy, would like to help, but he's weak and frightened too. His friend, tough, wise-cracking Warren Berlinger, thinks he has the solution to the problem.

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THROUGH RESEARCH THAYER LABORATORIES *...A BETTER PRODUCT*

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new movies

(*Continued from page 12*)

(in triplicate), there are miles of red tape to frantically unwind.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THAT KIND OF WOMAN

the best things in life are free

Tab Hunter
Sophia Loren
Barbara Nichols
Keenan Wynn
George Sanders

▪ In 1944 love had to happen fast, or not at all. It was World War II time, and paratroopers like Tab Hunter and Jack Warden knew enough to make the most of every leave. On a train from Miami to New York, the most is Sophia Loren, who is traveling with a friend (Barbara Nichols) and an unpleasant watchdog (Keenan Wynn). Sophia has a watchdog because she's not a free girl. She's sold herself to millionaire George Sanders. Sanders is very generous; he's provided her with a mansion, jewels, clothes—and Keenan Wynn. One look, and Tab Hunter would like to throw himself at her feet. Since he is a sincere kind of boy, he does—and Sophia is tempted to step right over him. Except, it's love. What's a girl going to do? Give up a millionaire (who might even marry her) for a poor but honest paratrooper? You'll see.—PARAMOUNT.

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

classic comedy

Kirk Douglas
Burt Lancaster
Laurence Olivier
Janette Scott
Eva LeGalliene

▪ The wit of George Bernard Shaw deserves most of the credit, but the actors aren't slouches, either! Down from Canada has come Laurence Olivier (as Gentleman John Burgoyne). He doesn't like war or discomfort at all, but if he must subdue the Colonies—that's us—for King George, he must. Impossible to subdue by anyone is The Devil's Disciple (Kirk Douglas), a rebel—against everything—from New Hampshire who is a thorn in the side of his respectable family. His father loved him, but his father has just been hung as an example by the British. Kirk risks his life to bring the body home and bury it in a churchyard. Minister Burt Lancaster admires Kirk; Lancaster's wife (Janette Scott) hates him. But, one day, when the Redcoats come to arrest Lancaster for treason Kirk takes his place. Janette's hate turns to love—especially since she thinks that her husband has run out on Kirk (like a coward). Lancaster has only run out to do battle. Realizing that he doesn't have the true calling of a minister, he becomes a daring and ferocious rebel soldier. But what becomes of Kirk? Laurence Olivier conducts his trial while the hanging equipment is being set up. To make a comedy out of such serious and historic events takes genius. A comedy it is—urbane and action-packed.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN

a Walt Disney adventure

James MacArthur
Michael Rennie
Janet Munro
James Donald
Herbert Lom

▪ James MacArthur's father was the most famous guide in the Swiss Alps. He died heroically in the mountains and has become a legend in his native village. James wants to be a guide like his father, but his guardian, Uncle James Donald, forbids the thought—and James has to do all his dreaming while he washes dishes in the village hotel. But on an afternoon off he saves the life of Michael Rennie—a famous English climber who has,

unfortunately, fallen into a crevasse. Rennie persuades Uncle to let the boy come along on their next climb. But in trying to show off, he endangers all their lives. No more climbing for him! Looming above the village, a threat and a challenge, is the towering peak where James' father died. For sixteen years no guide has had the nerve to conquer it. Rennie wants to; so does James. Uncle would rather kill him first than see him die on that mountain. Filmed in Switzerland, the scenery is dazzling; the story—which takes place in 1865—is delightful and the shots of mountain climbing will take your breath away.—TECHNICOLOR, BUENA VISTA.

THE FBI STORY

three decades of crime

James Stewart
Vera Miles
Murray Hamilton
Larry Pennell
Nick Adams

▪ *The FBI Story,* was a best-seller in book form—and straight from the files of the FBI. The movie starts in 1924, in Tennessee, when G-man James Stewart promises to quit the Organization if librarian Vera Miles marries him. She does; he doesn't. Thus begins a series of adventures: Stewart disguised as a Klansman to prevent a grudge murder; Stewart disguised as a cattle dealer to solve an Indian's murder; Stewart in street clothes gathering evidence that exposes a bank president as a master criminal. All of this is very exciting stuff—exciting enough to send Vera and her three growing children home to Tennessee. She thinks that'll make James quit; he doesn't. Vera finally realizes that she cannot be happy without Stewart, and rejoins him. The danger and the adventures never cease. Comes Pearl Harbor and the FBI is swelled by 2,500 more agents (total: 5,000). Comes peace—and Communism—and there is James in New York, his nose to the ground. In peace and war the FBI marches on. And our hero's happy family marches with him. It's an inspiring story.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

BUT NOT FOR ME (Paramount): Producer Clark Gable, with two lousy first acts of a new play, and a drunken playwright (Lee J. Cobb) on his hands, feels he's through. He fires his secretary Carroll Baker: she tells him off (because she *cares*) in perfect dialogue for the play. Back in business, with Carroll as star, the romantic problems are complicated by Gable's ex-wife Lilli Palmer and Carroll's ex-flame Barry Coe.

ANATOMY OF A MURDER (Columbia): Sweatergirl Lee Remick's rape is avenged by her ex-G.I. husband Ben Gazzara. It's murder! James Stewart, lawyer and fisherman, takes the defense. Complex people make for a tough case, but Stewart is aided by shrewd old lawyer (temporarily non-alcoholic) Arthur O'Connell. The courtroom is presided over by Judge Joseph Welch (of Army-McCarthy hearings fame). Prosecutor's assistant George C. Scott gives Stewart a hard time before all is settled.

NORTH BY NORTHWEST (MGM): Executive Cary Grant is a man on the run. He's been mistaken for one George Kaplan, a man desperately wanted out of the way by James Mason's mob. Escaping them temporarily, he runs into Eva Marie Saint. She's lovely but when she sends him to a rendezvous with a machine-gun, he wonders which side she's on. The Wild West, Mt. Rushmore, and the Federal government get into the act before this classic Hitchcock thriller is over.

THE BIG FISHERMAN (Buena Vista): The big fisherman is Simon Peter (Howard Keel), disciple of Christ. Based on Lloyd C. Douglas' novel, the story opens with Susan Kohner vowing to kill her father, the tyrant of Galilee (Herbert Lom). She leaves the lavish Arabian camp disguised and alone, but is followed by John Saxon. A new peace in the land is communicated by Simon Peter and John the Baptist (Jay Barney), and eventually stays Susan's hand. Spectacular!



Watch it all disappear (your tummy bulge, that is) with the exclusive Criss-Cross inner belt: it crosses your middle twice for double control! While four side sections of leno elastic shape you beautifully. In finest nylon with a vertical stretch satin back for this tiny price: $5.95. Get CRISS-CROSS by

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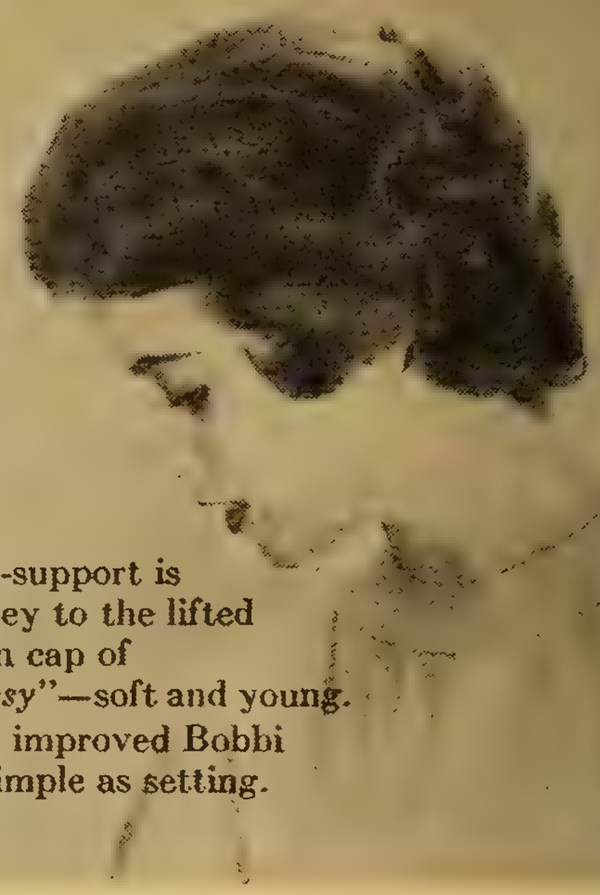
ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES





Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give style-support for the fliply casual look of "*Social Whirl.*"

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Style-support is the key to the lifted crown cap of "*Missy*"—soft and young. With improved Bobbi it's simple as setting.

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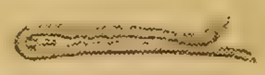


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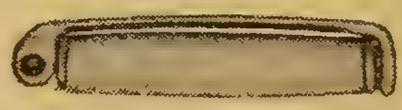
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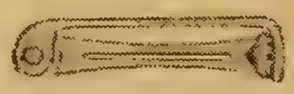
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MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

The most beautiful party

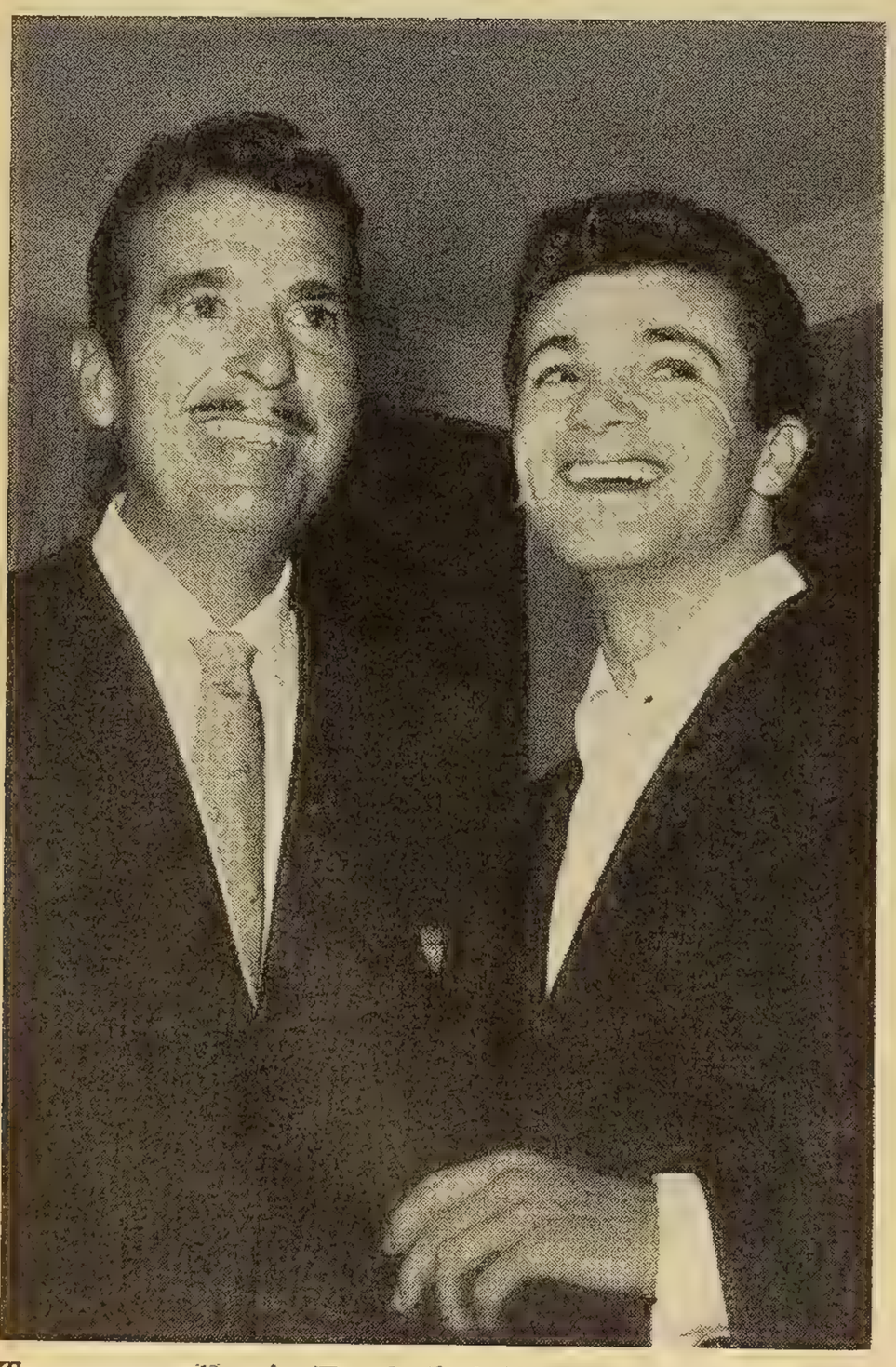
A plea to Gary Crosby

Louella talks cool



Louella gets a special serenade in honor of her birthday from none other than the old maestro himself, Jack Benny.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



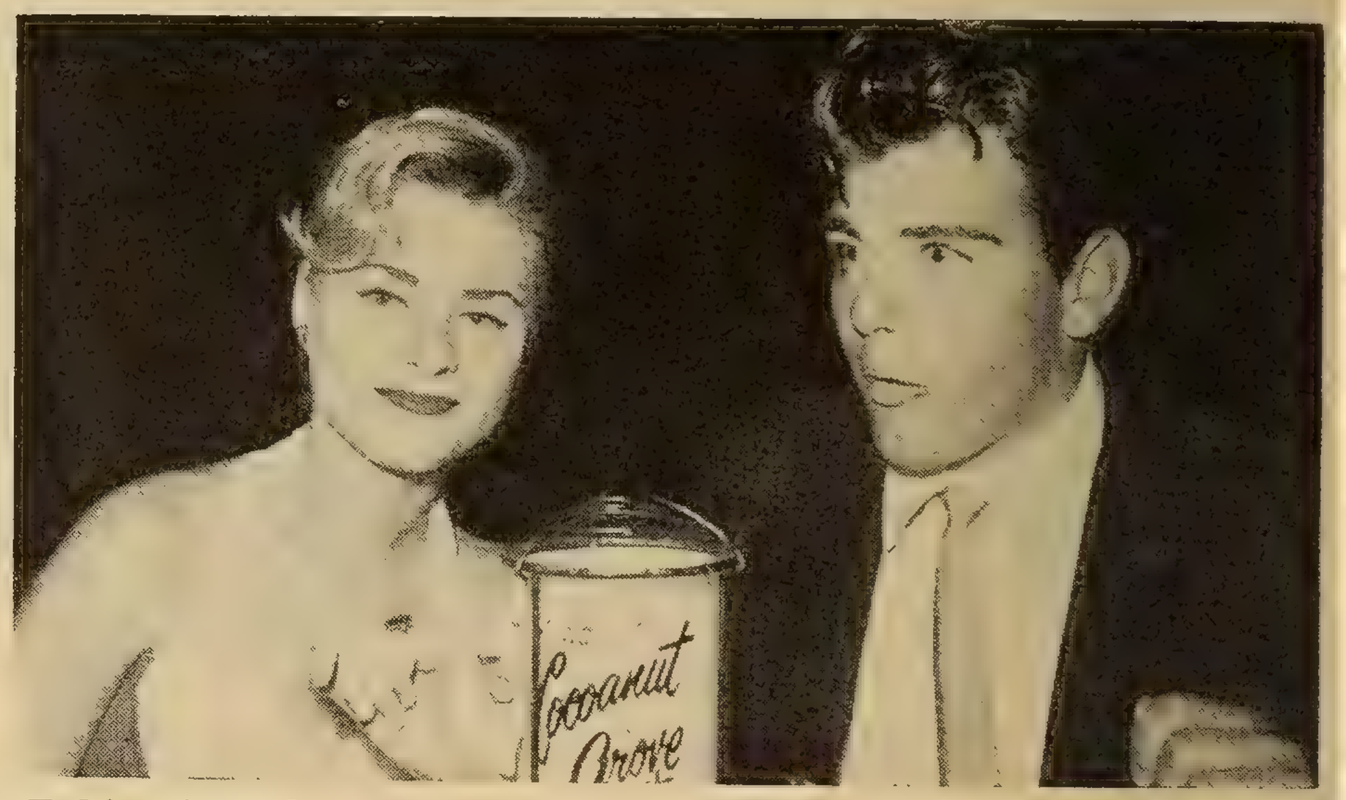
Tennessee Ernie Ford (left) was on hand to applaud his protege Tommy Sands at his opening.



David Nelson was there with date Donna Sue Needham.



Gia Scala and Don Burnett married two weeks later.



Fabian introduced his pretty blonde date to everyone as 'Windy Human,' but it's really hard to believe that's her actual name.

Rock 'n' Rollin' with LOP

Never let it be said that this hasn't been a big month with me and the boys, and I do mean **Fabian**, **Tommy Sands**, **Bobby Darin** and even **Dick Clark** (whom I haven't yet met).

If I'm not a hep cat by now it isn't because I haven't been exposed to these cool characters, sometimes not getting back to my pad until way after curfew. (I promise I won't do any more of this kind of talk—but it's fun!)

Tommy Sands opening at the Cocoanut Grove was jumpin' with practically all the 'kooks' (there I go again) in town on hand. I had also caught Tommy's show at the Waldorf in New York but I liked him better at the Grove. Here he was backed by the wonderful music of **Freddie Martin** as against **Count Basie**'s loud beat. As for Tommy, he's always tops in performance and getting smoother all the time.

Before the show started Fabian came over to our table and asked if I had received his flowers, his way of saying thanks for something I had written. He told us he had been shooting *Hound Dog Man* on the old Warner ranch, up to the hips in snakes! "During the close shots all of us are wearing knee boots because the rattlesnakes are as thick as bees." The seventeen-year-old singing sensation making his movie debut in this picture laughingly said he hoped to survive to make his next movie indoors.

I asked him where **Sandra Dee** was as she was supposed to be his date. Fabian said, "The heat got her down and she feels ill." Before I could ask him the name of the girl he brought, Fabian was off to his own ringside table to await the entrance of Tommy.

(Later, I heard he introduced his gal as Windy Human—which may or may not be her name. Wonder if he's taken up **Frank Sinatra**'s gag of making up nutsy names for his girl friends who aren't recognized?)

It was a big night and a good turnout to welcome Tommy to the Grove and I couldn't be happier. This is not only a talented boy—he's a *good* boy. Although his parents are separated and he makes his home with his mother, Tommy had brought his ailing father with him back from the East and he was taking care of him.

On hand to give Tommy a great big hand were **June Blair, Anna Maria Alberghetti** and CBS executive Charles Straus, **Gia Scala** and **Don Burnett**—they were married two weeks later, **Connie Stevens** celebrating her twenty-first birthday, and **Carroll Baker** with her husband Jack Garfein.

I've saved the most illustrious guests present for the last because it was the distinct pleasure of composer Jimmy McHugh and myself to bring Governor William Quinn of Hawaii and his lovely wife Nancy to Tommy's opening.

The First Gentleman and Lady of our 50th State received an ovation which they richly deserved. Later, Governor Quinn made a big hit with both Tommy and Fabian by saying how sorry he was that his two sons weren't present because "Both boys are fans of yours—so of course I hear your records."

(More of my exploits with the hot beat generation later.)



New Swedish actress May Britt and her husband went off on a rift-honeymoon but haven't said they'd reconcile.

Separation Honeymoon

Did you ever hear of one before? Well, you will now:

A few hours after my morning newspaper story broke on the separation of Swedish glamour girl **May Britt** and her Stanford-student husband, socialite Ed Gregson, I called May (pronounced *My*). I had delayed my call to mid-morning to be polite and let her sleep late after what must have been an emotional upheaval the previous day admitting that her marriage was on the rocks.

May, it turned out, wasn't in.

Now hold on—she was driving up the Coast to Palo Alto to pick up her about-to-be-'Ex' at Stanford and they would then be off on a motor trip through the Pacific Northwest!

In my many years of covering Hollywood I have heard many things. But this was my first experience with a separation honeymoon!

Guess it just proves that there *is* something new under the Hollwood sun after all.

Maybe I'm old fashioned. But why didn't the Swedish star and her social husband (he is the scion of the wealthy and prominent Gregson and Janss families of Los Angeles) try the trip *first* and try to save the painful admission of the previous day?

I'm not saying there is anything immoral about the post-rift trip because there isn't. Even if May had gone so far as to file for a divorce she and young Gregson are considered legally married under the California laws for a full year. No, it wasn't immoral. Just a little silly.

Would you like to know their reasons for parting? Ed's studies kept him at Stanford and May's promising career (*Blue Angel* lifts her to stardom) keeps her in Hollywood.

Bob Taylor's Baby Girl

The brand new daughter of **Bob Taylor** and **Ursula Thiess** arrived in the evening of August 16th making her a 'Leo' like her famous father. Of course, Bob's walking on air since the debut of his first daughter whose name, starting with a T, had been selected in advance to match up with son Terry, now about four.

There was quite a lot of excitement at the Taylor ranch in Hidden Valley just before the arrival of Tessa. Bob and Ursula had returned home late from a party to learn that there was a bobcat loose on the property which was frightening the domestic animals.

So, armed with shotguns and searchlights, the Taylors set out to get the intruder.

After about an hour of this unsuccessful hunting expedition, Ursula said to Bob, "I think, maybe, I had better be getting to the hospital."

"That's about the biggest break a bobcat ever got," laughed Bob. "I never stopped a hunting trip so fast in my life, rushing Ursula to St. John's Hospital."

Despite this big rush, the young lady took her time in arriving and was not born until 8:15 that evening. Bob, who is always very dignified, let out a yell of pleasure that could be heard all over the maternity department when they told him, "It's a girl!"



Bob Taylor and Ursula Thiess are the proud parents of a baby girl, Tessa.

I nominate for STARDOM

Jane Fonda

Beautiful actress, model, daughter of our own **Henry Fonda**, you have seen her on the covers of many fashion magazines and will soon see her making her movie debut opposite Tony Perkins in *Tall Story*.

I've known this tawny-haired amber-eyed girl since she was the toddling pride and joy of my friends Hank and the late Frances Brokaw Fonda (in those days Hank never called her anything but 'Lady').

Much has happened to mature Jane early in life. The death of her beloved mother was a sad shock. With Henry so busy in his stage and screen careers, she grew up in schools, mostly in Greenwich, Connecticut, and the Emma Willard School in Troy, New York, and Vassar. She has known, and liked, two stepmothers—Susan Blanchard and, recently, the glamorous Italian Countess Afdera Franchetti.

I had heard that Jane and Susan did not get along well at all. "That's isn't true," Jane put me right this particular afternoon. "I love Susan very much," and she added quickly, "and I get along very well with Afdera. Our feelings toward one another grow more friendly all the time."

Certainly Afdera beamed on her glamorous stepdaughter a few days later at a cocktail party Warners gave welcoming their new glamour girl to Hollywood and the movies. Hank couldn't attend because he worked up to the time he and Afdera left for Europe.

Jane, always eager to follow in her father's footsteps but never leaning on his aid, received her dramatic training at the Lee Strasberg Studio, in summer stock, and then modeling. She proved she has a charming sense of humor when she told me she is getting ahead so fast because she knows the "right people."

"My two closest girlfriends are Susan Stein (daughter of MCA prexy Jules Stein), Linda Le Roy (daughter of famed director Mervyn Le Roy) Josh Logan (director of *Tall Story* and her lifelong friend)—and Henry Fonda!"



LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

OPEN LETTER TO GARY CROSBY

I'm addressing this particularly to you because I am so in hopes that by the time it reaches print this shocking and bitter feeling between the Crosby boys and Bing will be ended. And this, Gary, I believe depends entirely on *you.*

Speaking as a friend who has always felt very close to the Crosby clan, particularly when your beloved mother Dixie was alive, I can't tell you how distressing these headlines about a family battle have been to me personally. But to the public at large they have been one of the most disillusioning things ever to come out of Hollywood.

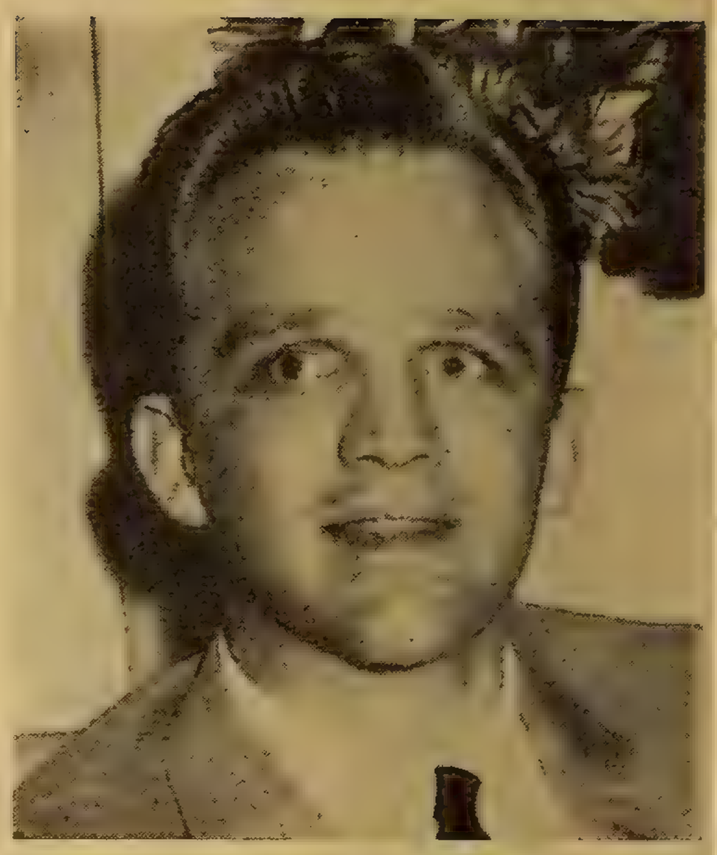
Your dad won a place in the heart of the world that perhaps no other entertainer ever quite held. And as you, the eldest, came along in his footsteps (followed by the other boys) and entered movies and now the nightclub field as popular singers, that same old world smiled on you with the same warm indulgence. And then came this bitter estrangement between you and your father to shock us all.

Nor does it heal matters for you to refer to your dad in your nightclub act as "**Kathy Grant**'s husband;" nor to tell interviewers that you don't care whether he catches your performances, to say that he did something at Christmas time which you find hard to forgive.

I don't know what caused this hard feeling. But I know your father well enough to know that he would give anything if it could be erased.

He is just waiting for the right gesture from you to forgive and forget. Also, I am sure that whatever you do will greatly influence your brothers.

Come on, Gary, how about holding out your hand to 'Kathy Grant's husband' and winning back your own dad?



Come on Gary, how about holding out your hand to 'Kathy Grant's husband' and winning him back. . . .

L. P.'s Birthday Party

I hope you won't think me immodest in saying that never in my life have I had a birthday which meant more to me than the one I recently celebrated in August. Not only did composer Jimmy McHugh honor me with the most beautiful party I have ever seen but I was surrounded by lifelong friends whose friendship I deeply treasure.

Jimmy took over the entire Escoffier Room and adjoining terrace atop the Beverly Hilton Hotel and turned the entire place into a bower of white flowers—one hundred dozen chrysanthemums and white roses.

The hors d'oeuvre buffet extended the entire length of the terrace heaped with every conceivable appetizer and decorated with two huge initials, 'L.P.,' made of ice.

Each table in the Escoffier Room was agleam with crystal and silver and white-flower centerpieces holding long, tapering candles. Strolling musicians wandered among us playing the softest of string music. With the twinkling lights of all Los Angeles spread out like a fan through the long glass windows, it was a sight to make you gasp—and practically all the guests did.

And the women in their multi-colored gowns made a bouquet of the whole scene.

I was deeply touched as my good friends **Jack Benny, Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne**, Monsignor Tom English and my dear daughter felicitated my birthday. Harriet said, "All the people in this room are privileged to call you friend. But only I can call you mother." Do you wonder my eyes were misty? And at the end of the speeches it was none other than **Patti Page** who sang *Happy Birthday* to me.

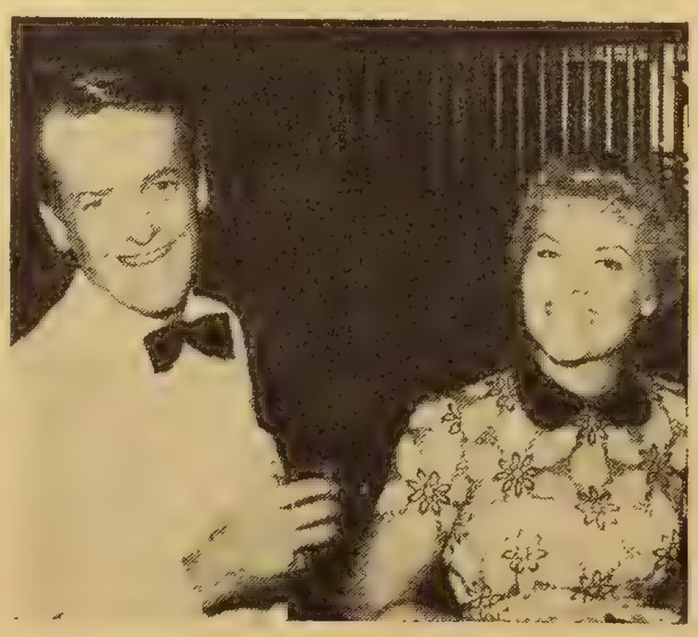
Space prohibits my listing all the guests but among those who made this the birthday of birthdays for me were Frances and Sam Goldwyn, the **Bob Stacks, Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**, and so many others near and dear to me.



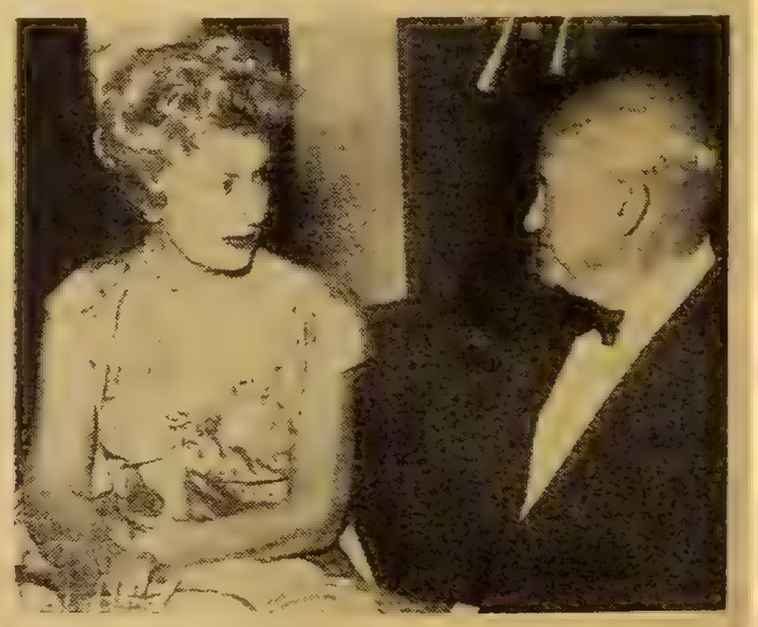
Louella was deeply touched by the party Jimmy McHugh gave her.



Good friends Jimmy McHugh, Rosalind Russell and Jack Benny.



Patti Page (with husband Charles O'Curran) sang Happy Birthday.



Irene Dunn chatted with Sam Goldwyn, a friend of many years.



It's just gossip that George Burns and Bobby Darin fought at Vegas.

Bobby Darin's Opening

Continuing my activities with the boy singers, of course I was on hand for **Bobby Darin**'s opening at the Cloister (the old Mocambo) and if I hadn't realized just how very popular this young man is, even with other singers, I found out!

I must say these youngsters have nice manners. Bobby had sent me flowers as well as **Fabian** and among his numbers in his opening show he sang my favorite *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* for me.

Apparently, jealousy—which afflicts some of the older stars—hasn't hit the younger set. Not only did **Pat Boone** show up to welcome Bobby on his first Hollywood nightclub appearance, but he brought along fourteen of his fan club representatives who happened to be visiting movietown!

Fabian (who seems to be developing into something of a first-night greeter to other singers) was on hand. And, of course, **George Burns**, who is Bobby's closest friend and biggest fan and with whom he appeared on the same bill in Las Vegas, was on hand to introduce him.

It burns me up that a scattered few gossip writers printed stories that George and Bobby had a big quarrel in Las Vegas. George just gave him some friendly advice about gambling and saving his money. He's sincerely devoted to Bobby.

Sitting with George and **Gracie (Allen)** were **Jack** and **Mary Benny** who with the rest of the crowded room gave Bobby a great big hand. After the show Bobby came over to tell us how happy he is that Jimmy McHugh had invited him to sing on the Jimmy McHugh Night at the Hollywood Bowl along with **Anna Maria Alberghetti** and **Vic Damone**. A very nice boy if you ask me.

P.S. Norman Taurog is testing Bobby for a movie at Paramount.

Margaret O'Brien's Marriage

When **Margaret O'Brien** asked me to have dinner with her the night before she married Harold Robert Allen, I was flattered, touched—and a bit amused. But, no—she didn't ask me about 'the birds and the bees!'

We dined quietly and had a good long heart-to-heart talk. I realized how much Margaret missed her loved mother Gladys at this big moment in her life. It was so like this girl that her wedding reception was held at the Kowloon restaurant, owned and operated by that genial Oriental George Lim, because George and his family had been close friends of her mother's.

But this night we dined, Margaret talked mostly of the young man she is marrying. She said she is proud of him because he has been so insistent that he never wants to become 'Mr. Margaret O'Brien.'

"I respect Bob for this. He's a fine artist, a commercial artist, and I never want my career to conflict with his. When he is called to New York to take a position with an advertising agency, of course, I'll go along with him and commute to Hollywood for my engagements in movies or TV."

She's a very religious little girl and I know her marriage means everything in the world to her.

I have just one word to add to Bob: remember that this give-and-take of marriage works both ways and be understanding of the oft-times frequent hard demands of her own career on Margaret.



It's an old Chinese custom Margaret O'Brien and her groom are trying at their wedding breakfast—sipping from the same bowl.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

I'm not holding my breath until **Jill St. John** and millionaire sportscar racer Lance Reventlow, son of Barbara Hutton, get married in the Spring. Jill announced their engagement early in August. Why the long delay? Jill's divorce was final several weeks ago. . . .

Young **Judi Meredith** is giving even younger **Sandra Dee** a run for sophisticated honors. Judi, who has been dating **Frank Sinatra** among other Hollywood bachelors, was asked why she flitted from beau to beau: "I got burned once in love—never again. . . ."

On **Zsa Zsa Gabor** those above-the-knees short Dior dresses look okay because Zsa Zsa can get away with anything. But it's an awful style which most of us can well avoid, including the girls with pretty legs. . . .

Shirley MacLaine may be a zany—but she's a wonderful wife. Although she's working in *Can-Can* she planes up to Las Vegas almost every week end to be with Steve Parker who is presenting his *Holiday in Japan* revue there. And early next Spring, Shirley goes to Japan to star in a motion picture for Steve. . . .

It's really serious between **Judy Holliday**, now making her Broadway hit *Bells Are Ringing* as a movie on the MGM lot, and famed saxophonist **Gerry Mulligan** who is on the same lot tootin' his horn in **Leslie Caron**'s *Subterraneans*. . . .

Now, maybe you are wondering what connection I had with **Dick Clark** this month: when I printed that there would be no love interest for Dick in his Columbia movie *Because They're Young* there was such a howl from the teenagers that a love story was injectd with **Victoria Shaw** cast to do some kissing scenes with popular Dick. . . !



Zsa Zsa Gabor startled William Bendix with her Dior above-the-knees dress—but she can get away with anything!



You teenagers asked for it: there'll be some kissing scenes for Victoria and Dick.



Jill St. John and millionaire sportscar racer Lance Reventlow announced their engagement but not their wedding date.



Carol's hair wasn't 'sloppy' when she modeled.



Marilyn's hair-do is really styled by experts.



Shirley's just experimenting with gag hair stylings—(left) the Atomic hair-do, (center) the Helicopter, and (right) the Deer-stalker.



From MOBILE, ALABAMA, comes a wail from MRS. PAT CHAMBERS about the sloppy hair styling of top stars **Shirley MacLaine, Marilyn Monroe, Shelley Winters, Carol Lynley, Lucille Ball, Carolyn Jones.** *Yet they have plenty of money to have their hair groomed in the highest fashion. Riddle me this!* I'll riddle it for you, Pat. These 'sloppy' coiffures are the result of hours and hours of hair styling by experts. They just happen to be personality (or trademark) stylings. . . .

Seems the only time you have anything to say about really good actors is when they die, snaps MISS FEMY HALLOWAY, SHREVEPORT. *Why don't you print something about* ***Dan Duryea, Robert Mitchum, Van Heflin, Richard Widmark, Yul Brynner, James Mason*** *while they can, to borrow your own phrase, 'still smell the flowers'?* I don't feel your charge is quite fair—but your letter handed me a good chuckle. . . .

At least, CONNIE SHORT (fourteen), WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, has a kind word for me: *You always seem fair in dealing with stars. For instance, you have frequently criticized* ***Anita Ekberg*** *for some of her antics. Yet you were quick to praise her for doing no mud-slinging when she divorced* ***Tony Steele.*** Thank you for them kind words, Connie. . . .

My friends and I are very interested in Mike Todd, Jr. We consider him almost as handsome and dynamic as his brilliant father. Is he married? Or is he still looking? is the interesting query of BARBARA, PITTSBURG, KANSAS. (Pittsburg, Kansas? Oh, well, it's spelled differently.) Anyway, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you and your friends. Mike, Jr. is married and the father of two children. . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

THE LETTER BOX:

INA BOSSON, BROOKLYN, postcards: *I refuse to believe that Robert Cummings has hit fifty. Oh, say it isn't so.* I'm afraid it is, Ina. Bob proudly admits to it.

I can tell movie producers why certain fine pictures are failing at the box office in just one short comment, offers WILLIAM COX, who wrote an interesting and intelligent letter from PHILADELPHIA—*road showing of motion pictures. And road show prices!* Also, I got a kick out of his P.S. that he remembered when I brought my road show of young stars to Philadelphia, **Jane Wyman**, **Susan Hayward**, **Ronald Reagan**, **Joy Hodges** and **June Preisser**—and the price was right!

MRS. PAT CAVANAUGH, NEW YORK, thinks **Kim Novak** is the kindest of the big stars: *She is always so quick to answer my letters and to send her new photographs. Her letters are so personal, I believe she writes them herself, or at least dictates them.* Take a bow, Kim. . . .

SUE INFANTO, DAYTON, OHIO: *Bought my ticket to* THE BIG CIRCUS *to see* ***David Nelson*** *and came out crazy about* ***Gilbert Roland****. He's just wonderful!* Come on, Sue, could it be that you were a bit partial to a countryman (judging by your last name) although I'll grant you Gil is a fascinator. . . .

I, for one, am sick, sick, sick of teenagers. The current crop of mewling youngsters can't hold a candle to established stars, protests NORMAN VAN CAMP, DETROIT. Where is the new talent coming from if it doesn't get a chance, Norm. . . ?

MRS. RAY LOFTON, MIAMI, writes: *I read where* ***Rosalind Russell*** *thinks girls should wait until they are in their middle twenties to marry. Well, looking around, I don't see they've made any greater success of their marriages than younger women.* Age has little to do with a good marriage.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



A fan likes Louella's fair treatment of Anita.



Lucille Ball combs her 'casual' hair-do.



Gilbert Roland (here with Adele Mara and David Nelson) made a hit.

Is it

true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Why, it takes only minutes!

And New Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes —and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol**® Creme Hair Lightener

*T. M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada

PAUL ANKA Co-Star of **"GIRLS' TOWN,"** an MGM release

"You can always tell a Halo girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"



Discover the hidden beauty of Your hair-with golden Halo Shampoo



Revive the satiny sparkle of your hair with today's liquid gold Halo

So rich even layers of dulling hair spray disappear with the first sudsing! You'll find today's Halo instantly bursts into lush, lively lather. Refreshes the beauty of your hair so completely, you'll never go back to heavy, slow-penetrating shampoos. Yet, rich as it is, liquid gold colored Halo rinses away quickly, thoroughly . . . revives the satiny sparkle of your hair and *leaves it blissfully manageable.*

LE MARIAGE DE BRIGITTE BARDOT

LE HONEYMOON HOT

LES PHOTOS SECRETES →

LE HONEYMOON HOT

It was the wackiest courtship, the most public proposal, the most hysterical wedding, the most romantic—and least

romantic—honeymoon the French had ever seen! There were tears and laughter, there were fights and kisses, there were lies and jokes and accidents, one on top of another, too fast for anyone to keep count—or even keep it all straight. There was a little of everything awful and everything crazy—and a lot of

(*Continued on next page*)









LES PHOTOS SECRETES

(*Continued*) everything wonderful, a lot of everything loving in Brigitte Bardot's mad, mad marriage weeks.

And the strangest thing of all was. . . .

It all *began* quietly enough.

Jacques Charrier was staying in St. Tropez as Brigitte's house guest, vacationing after the hectic weeks of making *Babette Goes To War* together. With them, at Brigitte's beach house, were her secretary, her maid, and a friend from Brigitte's dancing conservatory days. A nice, friendly group, enjoying the sunshine and the swimming—nothing for anyone to get excited about.

Except for one thing. (*Continued on page 66*)













Choose your favorite lipstick texture...in 16 fashion-fresh colors! Name your color. A gentle frosty pink? A brilliant shock of orange? A deep, winey red? Cutex makes them all in the newest fashion shades . . . and two delightful textures. A rich luscious lipstick with marvelous staying power. That's Cutex Sheer Lanolin. Or a creamy kiss of color so light you'll hardly feel it's there. That's Cutex Delicate.

CUTEX®

Sheer Lanolin or Delicate Lipstick



Sheer Lanolin in the striped Designer's Case

Northam Warren, New York

New Delicate in the elegant Nugget Case

THE TAMING OF STEVE McQUEEN

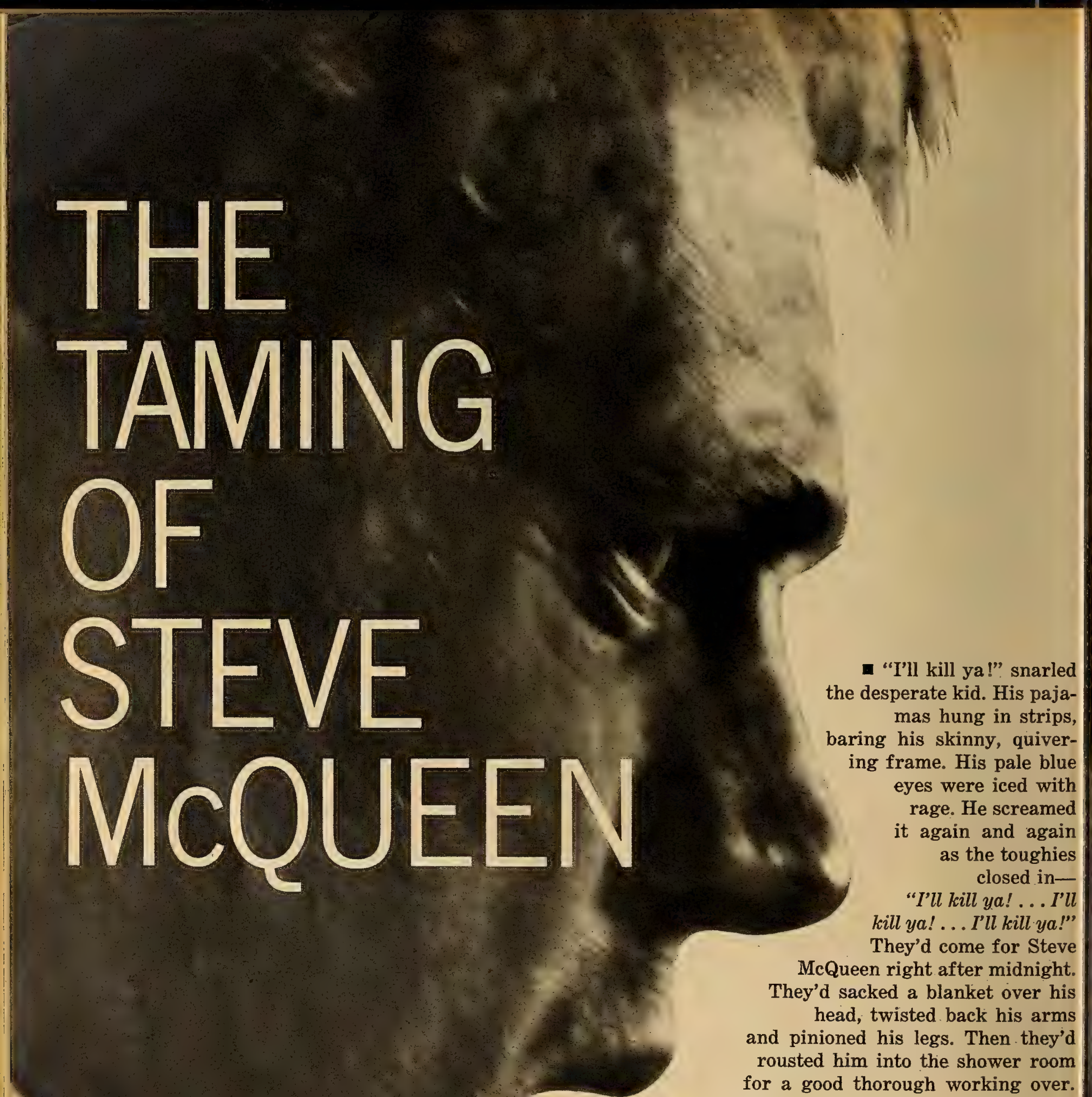
■ "I'll kill ya!" snarled the desperate kid. His pajamas hung in strips, baring his skinny, quivering frame. His pale blue eyes were iced with rage. He screamed it again and again as the toughies closed in—

"I'll kill ya! . . . I'll kill ya! . . . I'll kill ya!"

They'd come for Steve McQueen right after midnight. They'd sacked a blanket over his head, twisted back his arms and pinioned his legs. Then they'd rousted him into the shower room for a good thorough working over. That's the way the guys took care of troublemakers at the California Junior Boys' Republic. An 'honor farm,' people called it, which was polite for reform school. The day before Steve had kicked up real trouble. He'd broken out of the hated place, in a run for freedom with the cops on his heels. He'd ducked them hugging mud in a ditch, slept the night in a horsebarn, then hit the road for Los Angeles. But a prowl car caught him and he was back where his own mother and stepdad (*Continued on page 68*)



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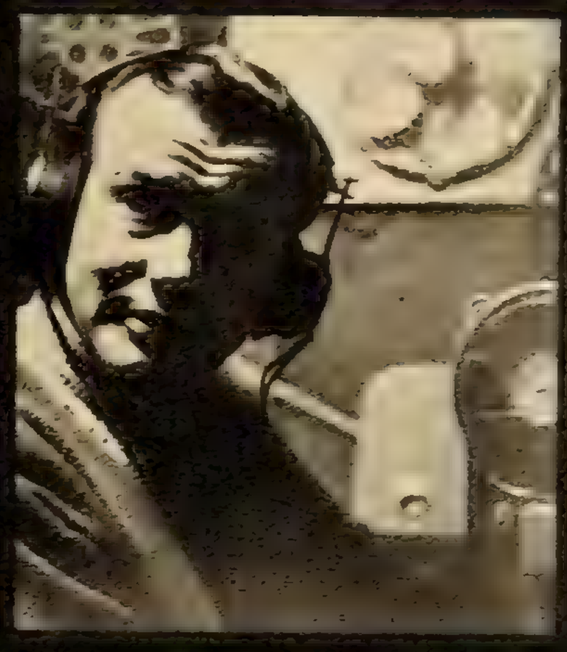
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They call Jack 'The Worrier' and rightly so. He worries about his show, his friends, his future. Anything might fail him —that is, anything but his wife Miriam and his daughter Randy.



JACK PAAR'S 3rd MARRIAGE



■ In a way he was born on a July night in 1943.

His whole outfit (he was in the Army) had been invited to a dinner dance given by the Hershey Company, which manufactures chocolate. Private Paar sat on his bunk, considering pros and cons. On the one hand, the food would be better than what he'd get down at the mess hall. On the other hand, he didn't dance. On the one foot, there was an army boot—which would have made dancing difficult in any case—and on the other foot there was a sock.

"Take it off and go to bed," he told himself. "You're not a social type anyway." But he wasn't really listening. There was a strangeness about the air that night. A smell of flowers, a sound of music, a sense (*Continued on page 74*)



SCOOP!

FIRST STORY ON THE NEWEST NEWMAN

Photo By Papa Paul

BY LOUELLA PARSONS

For a moment after the door of the Greenwich Village apartment swung open, I didn't recognize the very blonde, smiling girl standing there holding the gurgling blue-eyed baby, laughing and kicking under her arm for all the world like a pillow tied in the middle. In the first place, the time was seven o'clock in the evening, more the cocktail hour than the baby's hour. Second, I had never seen Joanne Woodward's hair so blonde, every bit as light as Marilyn Monroe's (on purpose, I was later to learn). "Come in," said Mrs. Paul Newman, cheerfully amused at the surprise I must have been registering, "it's *us*," as of course it was, none other than year-before-last's Academy Award winner with her newest and most treasured prize caught up under her arm. Even before Joanne led me into the living room I stole a good look at baby Elinore Teresa, one of the liveliest and best-natured infants I had ever beheld at this hour. "I keep her up every night so Paul can see her when he comes home from the theater," said Joanne. "She's trained to stay up late and sleep late in the mornings. If Paul didn't see her at night there would not be much chance of his getting acquainted with his daughter. I guess you could say that Nell (their pet name for the new arrival) is already keeping show business hours," she laughed. The new Miss Newman gave me the (*Continued on page 58*)


Her sixteenth birthday
all beautiful, but there
forgive ... cold people

JEANNE MARTIN:

Dear God! How do you raise another woman's children...?

"BUT why won't you let me go out with the crowd? They're just going to drive to the beach after the party. Why can't I . . .?"

The pretty, long-legged fifteen-year-old girl, her lips pouting, wheeled around to face the slender, blonde woman who looked not much older than she.

The young woman bit her lip. *Dear God,* she said to herself, *give me the wisdom to see this through. How do you raise another woman's children?*

Aloud she said, "Honey, I can't let you go out after the party. It's such a long drive . . . it will be so late. It might be dangerous."

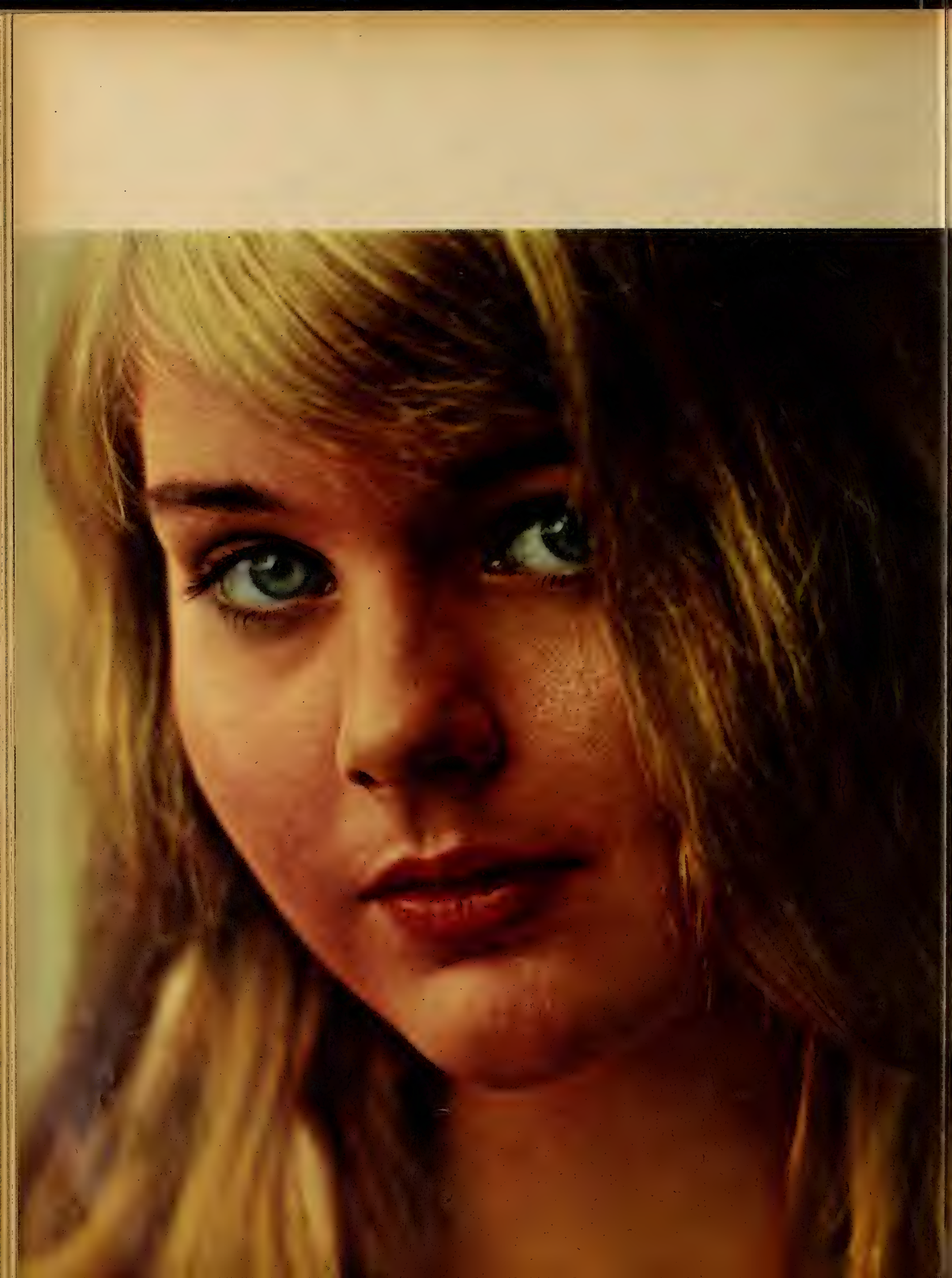
The girl rolled her eyes upward tragically. "But they'll think I'm a cube. I'll *utterly* wither away!"

The woman smiled and took the young girl by the hand. "I don't want you to wither away, darling. Your father and I love you too much to have you dissolve. Tell you what, honey. I have an idea. After the party, why don't you bring the crowd here. I'll get some stuff at the delicatessen and we'll stock the refrigerator. You can all let off steam after the party here and have a ball. . . ."

The girl's face brightened. "That's a great idea. Can we have the whole house to ourselves?" Soon they were sitting side by side on the sofa, talking about details of the party.

This was not the first, nor will it be the last setto that will arise between Dean Martin's pretty

(*Continued on page 76*)



Not long ago, we were talking with Carol Lynley. "If you could be someone else," we asked, "some character in fiction or history or even someone you know—who would that be?"

"I'd be the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale's daughter," Carol said. "I don't know if he has one or not, but I'd like to be the lucky girl. I like and admire him. He's so very wise. I come from a family of many different religious beliefs. He's universal in his approach, the way I am. He doesn't try to sway you, just to love and believe in God."

Carol's own father walked out of her life when she was two.

The impact on the lives of all concerned—Carol's, her mother's and her kid brother Danny's, then just a few months old—has been tremendous. It is, strangely, the reason Carol is a movie star today. It is the reason she is such an unhappy young girl, despite her stardom.

"If her background had been normal," someone has said, "chances are she would be the prettiest kid on the block somewhere in New York today, attending high school, with a boyfriend, practically engaged, radiant, smiling, all that.

"As it is, her background has been abnormal and Carol attends a movie studio, rarely goes out with boys, or to parties, and is rarely seen looking radiant or smiling, or all that."

Why is this so?

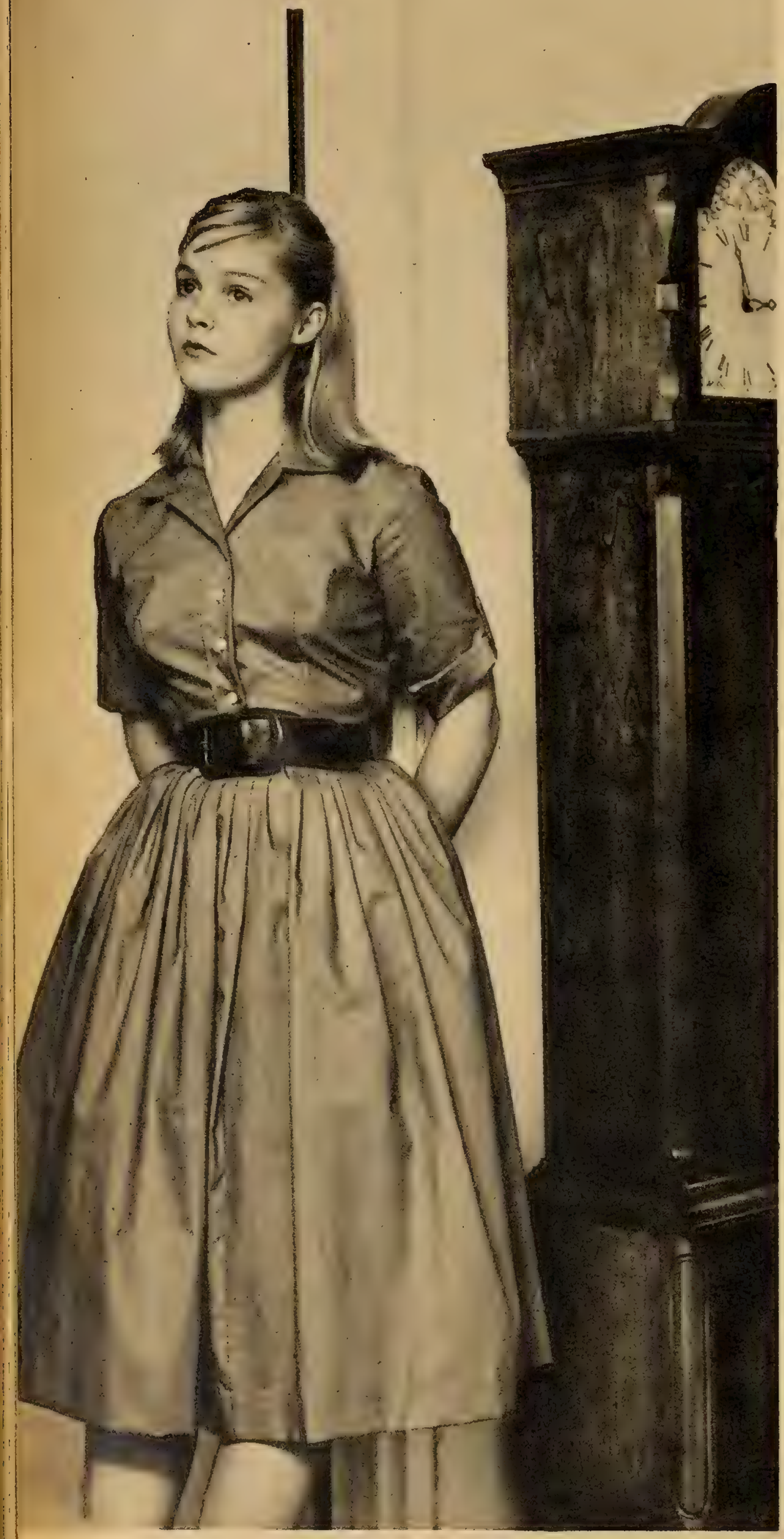
"It's a familiar pattern," one writer has said. "Behind the success story lies the fatherless home, the mother struggling to keep a family going financially, finding almost by accident a profession in which a child can become the economic security for the family. If a mother jumps at it, the child jumps too, with a childish wish to make up for the tragedy of desertion, rise above it, *show* the other kids, make up for being different."

(Continued on next page)

CAROL LYNLEY: A PORTRAIT IN LONELINESS (Young Girls in Hollywood: 5th of a series)

CAROL LYNLEY

continued

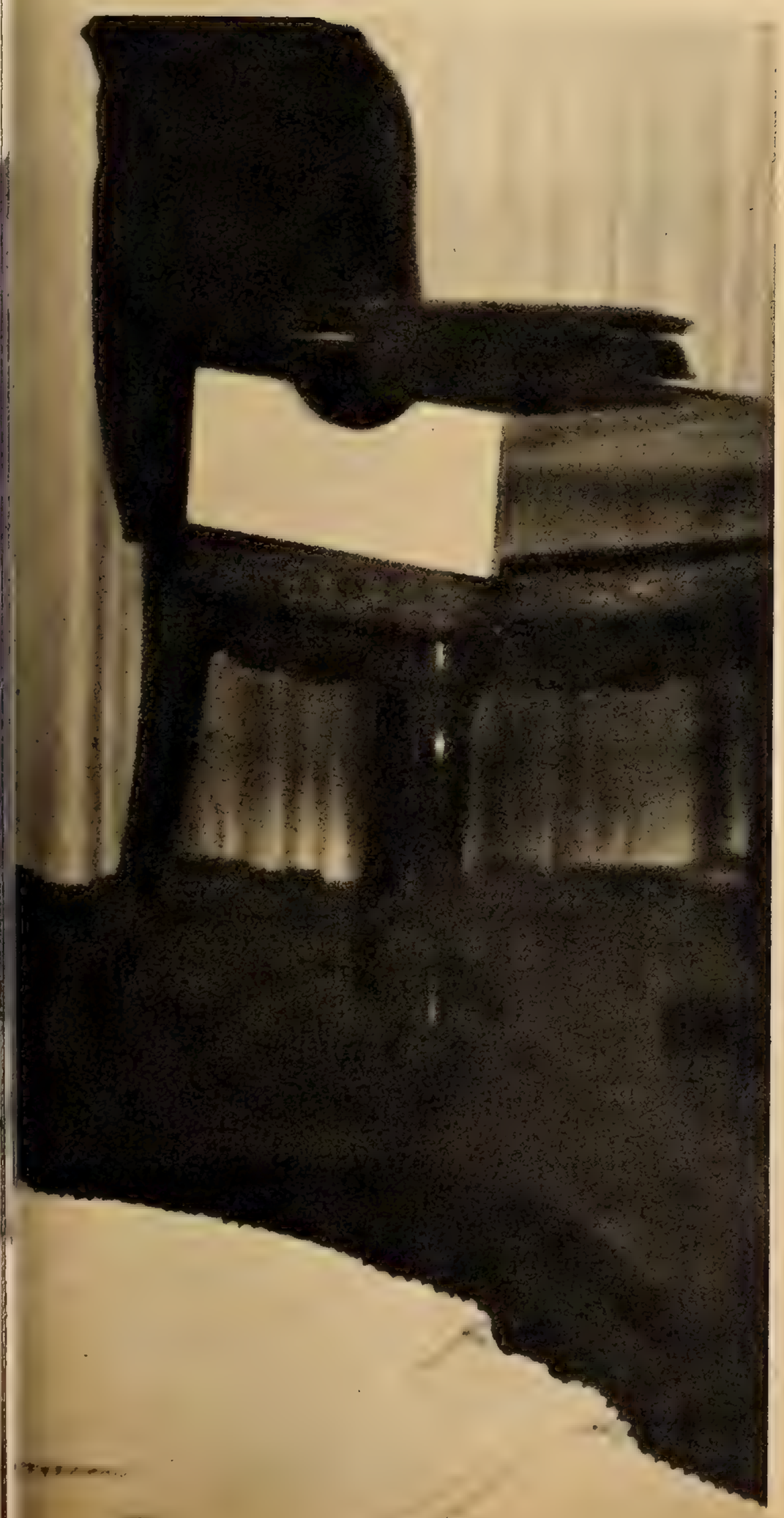




When you go to work as a little girl of ten, there's not much time to enjoy parties, or learn about boys. In fact, there's too little time to be a little girl.



There's time enough, when I'm twenty-one, to do what I want...Till then I'll do what my mother tells me...anything my mother tells me....



(*Continued from page 43*) To follow the pattern, let's go back fifteen years to that day Mrs. Lynley (then Mrs. Frances Jones—she has since legally changed her name) found herself suddenly stranded.

Though Mrs. Lynley today distrusts most interviewers "because they print so many exaggerated sob stories about our past—and about how we struggled when Carol was a little girl," she is still willing to speak the facts.

It was a day in 1944 when Mrs. Lynley had that final argument with her husband. One minute he was there, shouting. The next minute he was gone, and the little apartment was quiet.

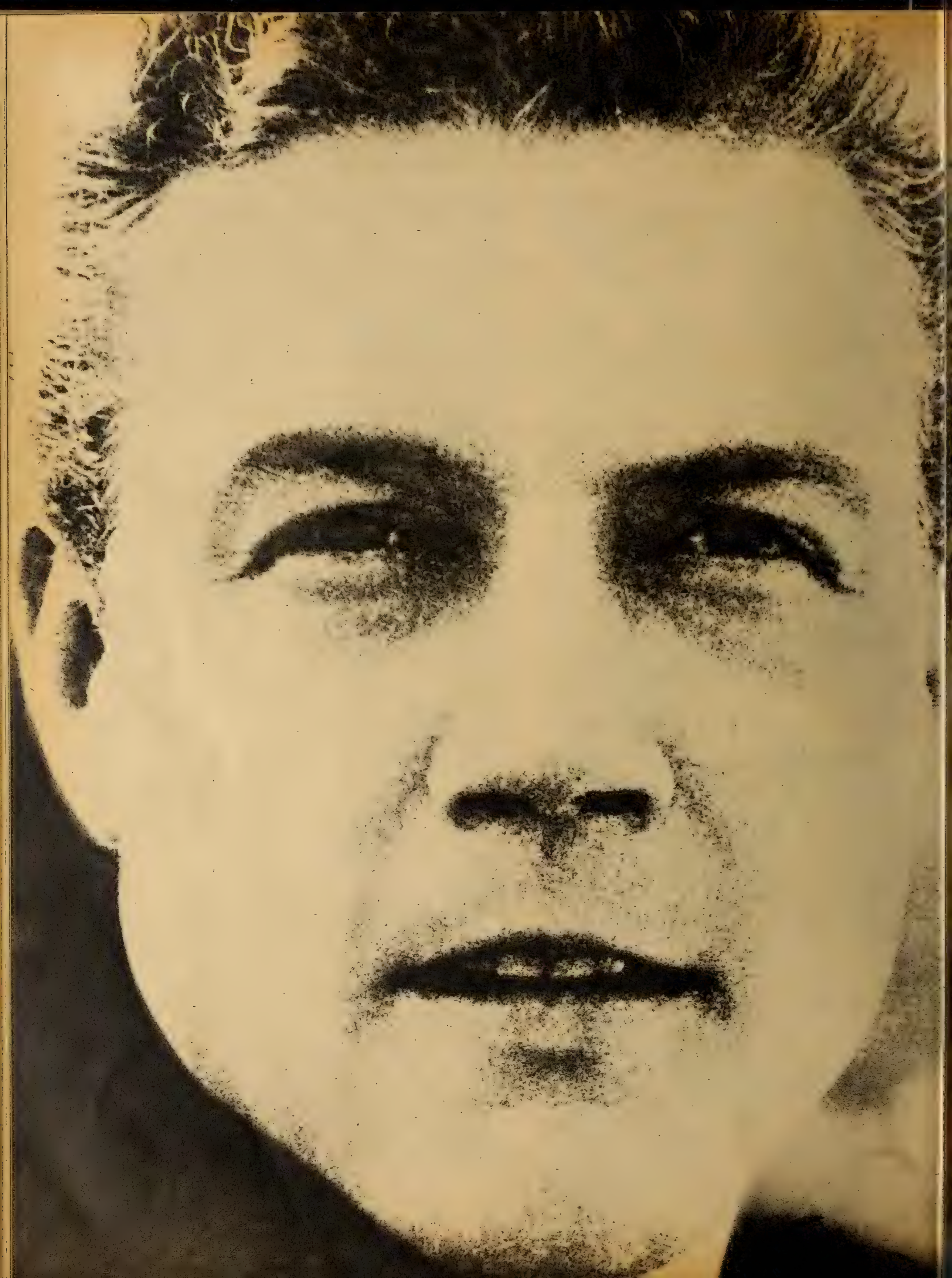
For the next eight years Mrs. Lynley had to work, in order to support herself and her children. She worked at various day jobs, and when she thought the children were old enough to take care of themselves at bedtime she got a job as a waitress, nights, in an Italian restaurant in midtown Manhattan. The pay, even with tips, was not good. It was not easy work.

Many other women have been in Mrs. Lynley's drab shoes, and haven't been able to do a thing about it.

But, it happened, a 'break' eventually came Mrs. Lynley's way. At first, she didn't spot it. But when she did, she took slow but sure advantage of it.

In her own words:

"Carol was ten. I was working in a restaurant called Victor's. Well, this night—it was a Sunday—I was working a banquet for the boss. I was dead tired from working all that week, but I needed my seniority preserved. It was a pretty slow banquet and there was this customer at the bar I started talking to. I told him Carol, my (*Continued on page 61*)



ROGER SMITH

DETAILS FROM MY

DEATHBED

The extraordinary account of a man nobody would believe was dying.

Based on recent exclusive hospital-bed discussions between Roger Smith and special reporter Bob Thomas

I had often heard that people knew when they were dying.

I felt it happening to me. My body was dead from the waist down. I couldn't feel anything there. My arms were cold; they felt as if they were turning to stone. I sensed the life going out of me.

I knew I was going to die —if I let myself go to sleep. I had to stay awake. I had to.

These were the thoughts of Roger Smith at the height of his ordeal, a rendezvous with death just recently that nearly closed his brilliant young career. There were times when he became so intimate with pain that he wished he would die. But those times passed and his will to live brought him through. Now he has returned to the love of his family and the exhilaration of his acting success. His strength is returning and his tortured body is again responding to the demands of a busy life. But he readily admits that within himself he (*Continued on page 81*)

"In spite of I'm not

AN INTIMATE CONFESSION BY KATHY NOLAN

Editor's Note:
The story that follows is strange, shocking, a bit unpleasant . . . but true. Experiences such as Kathy Nolan has gone through are known only too well by millions of teenage girls. That Kathy was not emotionally scarred by them seems part luck and part strength of character. Many girls have been damaged . . . in every sense of that word . . . for life. The editors of MODERN SCREEN *want to thank Kathy for answering our questions so very honestly. We think it will help other girls to realize that though brutality exists, it need not kill one's ability to love.*

■ I'M NOT afraid of sex—in spite of everything that's happened to me. And believe me, plenty has happened!

The first time the word 'sex' seemed to have the wrong connotation occurred when I was twelve, walking home from a movie.

Suddenly a car pulled up alongside of me and an older man leaned out. "Want a ride, honey?"

I wasn't in the habit of accepting rides from strangers. "No thanks," I replied, politely, and kept going.

He followed just a few feet behind me, till I came to a crossing where I had to wait for the light to change. He got out of the car and headed toward me.

He came close enough to grab my arm. I tore myself free and dashed across the street. I didn't know exactly what I was running *from*, but I had an intuition that I was facing a grave danger.

But four years later I certainly knew what I should be running from—and I couldn't break away.

I was still going to school in St. Louis. After classes were over, I reported to the Show Boat, tied up at the pier, to appear in the last two performances. (*Continued on page 72*)



everything that has happened to me,
afraid of sex . . . "





Michael Wilding, Jr.

THE TRAGIC ABOUT LIZ'

FATHERLESS



Todd Emanuel Fisher

■ Carrie Frances and Todd Emanuel Fisher . . . Michael Jr. and Christopher Wilding . . . Liza Todd. Five little children with a tragedy.

Like young flowers, once secure, attacked suddenly by a bitter-sharp wind and fallen now into a quiet pool, they float, lonely and confused—these five little children.

Their mothers are movie actresses Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor.

They are fortunate in having these women as their mothers, these women who love them very much.

But, tragically, the children have no fathers around to add to that love, to make it complete.

For the cold wind of death took the father of one of them away, the chill wind of divorce separated the other four from theirs.

Another wind — fateful — arranged things so that the real father of two has left them to become the would-be father of the other three.

How, exactly, has it all turned out for these five children?

The following is that story, gathered from statements by people who know the children, who have been near them, listened to them, watched them, observed their child-wise reactions to the strange adult world around them.



Carrie Frances Fisher

FACTS AND DEBBIE'S CHILDREN



Liza Todd

Basically — because the two younger children, Todd (one and a half) and Liza (two), are still too young to know what is happening, or to care—this is the story of the other three children, the older children, Carrie Frances and Michael and Christopher.

We begin with Carrie Frances' story. . . .

She will be three years old this October 21.



Christopher Wilding

It has been exactly thirteen months since her daddy, Eddie Fisher, left their home, the beautiful 'dream house' in Beverly Hills, California, where all the Fishers once lived together as a family.

Carrie Frances remembers nothing of the night her daddy left. She was fast asleep in her nursery, and even the loud words of her parents arguing downstairs those few hours and the talking sounds of the reporters who stood outside the big house most of that night did not awaken her.

But the next morning, the very first thing, she sensed that something was wrong.

Her mother's eyes were red from crying.

Her daddy, who only a day earlier had come home from a long trip someplace far away, was not around.

(*Continued on next page*)

For the children of Liz and Debbie
life means nannies and nurses,
and strange scary new places,
and backs that turn,
and somebody always saying good-bye....



continued

"Where are we going?" she asked, as Debbie dressed her and baby Todd—then seven months old.

It was car-ride time, Debbie said; they were going to visit a friend for a few hours.

"And is Daddy going to be there?" the little girl asked.

Debbie shook her head and, saying nothing now, she turned her attention to her other child, while Carrie Frances was left wondering.

At first, those first months, things did not seem so terribly wrong, really.

Carrie Frances' daddy, though he was not around her as much as he used to be, though he never once came rushing into the nursery first thing in the morning anymore, for instance, picking her up from her bed and grabbing her in his arms, making her giggle the way he used to—though he was not around this much, still he *was* around, in a way.

Didn't he, for instance, come to the house practically every day after Mommy had left for work and play with her and Todd for a while, sometimes for a long while, sometimes almost until the time Mommy came home again?

And, for instance, didn't her daddy call her up on the telephone every night after she finished her dinner (*Continued on page 63*)



A Modern Screen Special Feature





ROCK AND ROLLERS ON THE ROAD

The inside facts about
the rough-tough life
the dangerous temptations
and the girls they leave behind









■ Most of the new rock 'n' roll singers are in their teens and early twenties, a time when most fellows are dating and getting close to marriage and steady jobs. Each singer has had to handle the problem of love versus career in his own way.

Frankie Avalon, for instance, met Angela de Circuo when he was fifteen and she thirteen. They were at a picnic (*Cont'd on p. 79*)



Today Linda Cristal is Hollywood's

WHY I DIDN'T BECOME A NUN...

hottest temptress. But yesterday she was on her way to a convent. What made her turn back?

It was a quiet, moonlit Sunday night in Argentina. Linda Cristal, thirteen years old then, and her parents were on their way back from a week end at the beach, on the road leading to Buenos Aires from Plata del Mar, the seaside resort.

Her father was driving.

Her mother sat by him.

Linda lay across the back seat, sunburned and tired and half asleep.

"I wonder what they are like," she mumbled at one point, breaking a long silence.

"Who?" her father asked.

"My aunts . . . your sisters," the girl answered.

Her father looked over at his wife. They knew what their daughter was thinking.

(*Continued on page 59*)

The Newest Newman

(Continued from page 37)

eye and either laughed or burped, delightedly. Even a casual glance at Nell, now in practically an upside down position under her mother's arm, revealed her eyes as startlingly blue as her father's and that her hair is so long her bangs are practically down to her eyebrows. This is a cutie if I ever saw one.

In addition to Miss Nell, my attention was held by the details of the new home of the young Newmans in New York.

I had been delighted a few days after my arrival on my recent trip to New York to receive an invitation from Joanne to visit her and meet the baby at their new apartment. It was a bid I was very glad to accept because as far as I know I am the first reporter to be invited to the Newman apartment, the place they call home in the East.

I was immediately impressed with the taste and, for New York, the spaciousness of the apartment in what once was a stately home in the fashionable section of Greenwich Village. It is quite large with high ceilinged rooms, a backyard, trees, and unbelievably—a swimming pool!

"The pool—and the garden—is what sold us on this place," Joanne explained, pleased over my compliments over what I had yet seen. "It's so good for the baby, having her own outdoor place."

The apartment, or, more exactly, the small house, is really two-and-a-half stories. The kitchen is on the lower level; the living room and two bedrooms are on the second floor and little Nell's room, a sort of private alcove, is off by itself, situated on the half of the two stories.

Such independence for an infant impressed me. "What if she cries?" I asked, surprised over there being no bed for a nurse in Nell's quarters.

This surprising young mother

"The nurse and I both do a marathon to see which one gets to her first," Joanne said. "She isn't so far away that we cannot hear her first small wail if she awakens. I want her to get accustomed to sleeping alone in a room and I don't even want her nurse with her," said this surprising young mother.

"But enough of sightseeing for a moment," Joanne went on, leading me into the colorful and comfortable living room. "Let's have a chat and some tea in here."

There's not a thing in the Newman living room that wasn't planned for use, good living and relaxation—and that goes for the innumerable antiques. The chairs, large and leather covered, are close to the floor-to-ceiling bookcases.

Obviously, the *pièce de résistance* is a large and beautiful table, oval in shape, which occupies the center of the room. When I commented on it, Joanne nodded, "That table is our pride and joy. We searched the town over until we found just what we wanted. It's very old, actually a collector's item."

She went on, "We still have so many things to buy—but what we have is good. We are not buying just anything to fill up our home. Both Paul and I would rather wait and have just the right things. It's really wonderful shopping together for things we love. With the exception of a few pieces of furniture which I owned when Paul and I were married, every stick of furniture, all the antiques and pictures, even the ash trays—*everything* was bought after our marriage."

Joanne had parked Nell safe in the corner of a large divan, and I thought how nicely the young mother matched the soft colors of the decor, in the pretty beige dress she was wearing. It also complimented that new blonde hair of hers.

"This hair," she said, running her hands through her white-gold tresses, "It's all for my *art*. I play a girl who chases Marlon Brando in *The Fugitive Kind*. Our director, Sidney Lumet, said 'I want you to have the same color hair as Marilyn Monroe's'—so I went to Marilyn's own hairdresser."

As Anna Magnani is also in the cast of *The Fugitive Kind*, and both she and Marlon have reputations for being temperamental, I asked Joanne how things were getting along on the movie.

She laughed, "So far all is peaceful. Marlon was so exhausted when he joined our company after his long session with his *One-Eyed Jacks* that he *sleeps* every second he isn't working. As for Anna—she doesn't speak much English, and the rest of us speak no Italian—so we communicate through an interpreter. Everything is very amiable."

Planned luck

I told Joanne I thought she was very lucky being able to film her new movie in New York at the same time Paul is scoring such a hit on the stage in *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

"That isn't exactly luck; it was planned," she corrected. "I will never accept a picture on the West Coast when Paul is in a Broadway show. I just wouldn't have agreed to do *The Fugitive Kind* if Paul hadn't been contracted for the Tennessee Williams play at this time.

"As it is, it is difficult. When I finish my scenes at the studio I get home just as he is leaving for the theater. For the time being, we are seeing each other just in passing. I don't want this to be a regular occurrence in our lives. I don't feel married people should be out of one another's lives, even temporarily. That's when trouble always starts."

We all know the story of how long Joanne had waited for her happiness with Paul. He wasn't free when they first met—but as far as she was concerned, there was no other man. They tried parting—but it was no use. They were madly in love and couldn't live without each other. Paul has always been scrupulously careful never to hurt the first Mrs. Newman and their children more than was absolutely necessary in the divorce and his subsequent marriage to Joanne.

Thinking of Paul's children by his former marriage, I asked Joanne if they had yet visited little Nell.

"Oh, yes indeed," she said quickly, "they come and see us and they love the baby, especially Paul's little boy. They are wonderful children and I am very fond of them and think they like me. I wouldn't want them to be separated from their father."

Every time Joanne mentions Paul you can see how deeply she cares for him. She glows when she talks about him. I told her I had seen him in *Sweet Bird of Youth* with Geraldine Page just a few nights previous and while I didn't like the play, I thought Miss Page was great and that Paul proves there are few actors in his class.

She quite agreed!

While we had been talking, Miss Nell had been amusing herself between her rattle and examining her toes, nor was there a chirp of protest out of her when her smiling nurse came in to get her. With the baby on her way to her alcove, Joanne said, "Come, I want to show you our bedroom.

The bedroom

"Isn't that something?" she said, pointing to the largest brass bed I have ever seen. "It's very old and the only king-size brass bed either Paul or I have ever seen. I'm told there are only a few in existence. We bought it in New Orleans and the very moment I set eyes on it, I said I must have it. The rest of the furniture was bought to match the period of the bed."

I told Joanne that as a child I had had a brass bed in my room, but it was small and not comparable to the one Mr. and Mrs. Newman occupy.

Only the paintings on the wall do not 'match up' to the period of the bed, but are just the other extreme, very modern. Joanne told me some were painted by friends, others collected at exhibitions. "These two," she said, pointing to two very modern pictures, "are by someone you probably know—Bill Brice, Fannie Brice's son."

I remembered how Bill's mother, the famed comedienne Fannie, had encouraged her son to become an artist—and now here was proof that he had become a good one.

The old-fashioned dresser in the bedroom bore family portraits, some old, some new. Picking up the picture of a very lovely looking lady, a really beautiful woman with wide, frank eyes whom Joanne resembles, she said, "This is my grandmother, Elinore, the first Nell. That's where our Nell gets her name—from her great grandmother.

"I wish she could have lived to see my baby," Joanne said wistfully. "She would have been so proud of her." Joanne's mother, who is young and pretty, had just visited the Newmans.

"She couldn't bear to leave Nell—although she spoiled her outrageously," Joanne laughed. "My mother, you know, married again and I have a little brother three years old. He is just crazy about his 'niece' who, he says is 'littler than I am.'"

Just as her own mother had dreaded leaving the baby and this charming home, so was Joanne, herself, hating the *Fugitive Kind* location trip to Milford, New York—which would keep her away from home for weeks, except for week ends. "It's too far to commute home at night," she wailed, "and I'm so unhappy being away from Paul and the baby."

But Joanne was smiling again when she said, "Paul's promised to look after little Nell like a father-and-mother and I know he will. He loves her so much." Besides, the Newmans have every confidence in Nell's fine nurse.

Joanne and Paul have put so much into this place as their home—I wondered how they would adjust when both are called back to California on their movie contracts.

"It's possible we may buy a second home in California—you know we just rented before. But after this—I don't think we'll be happy living in other people's houses. There's nothing—absolutely nothing," enthused my charming Southern-born hostess, "like a place of your own."

Particularly if love—and a baby—dwells there as it does in this home of Joanne and Paul's. **END**

Joanne's next in U. A.'s THE FUGITIVE KIND.

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Why I Didn't Become a Nun

(*Continued from page 57*)

A few days earlier, Linda had received a letter from his sisters, from Spain. And she was thinking of that letter now.

"They are five good and happy women," her father said, answering her, looking back at the road.

"And they are all *five* of them nuns?" Linda asked.

Her father nodded.

"I wonder if I would be happy with them," Linda wondered, aloud. "—In the letter they said it would be nice if I came to the convent and stayed with them." She smiled. "Would you like that, Mamma?" she asked, "for me to go away, to Spain, to become a nun or help out in the convent?"

"No, I would not," her mother, quiet till now, answered.

"And you, Papa?" Linda asked.

"No," he answered. "I know it has been my sisters' dream all these years, to have you come and join them in their work . . . But you are too precious to us, to me and your mother, to allow anyone to take you away. The Lord has already taken one of your brothers. Your other brother, Miguel, is very much on his own now. And all we have left, Linda, is you, the little girl we waited so many years for . . . No, we cannot allow you to leave us . . . We are not so young any more either, you know."

Linda made a face. "Don't say that, Papa," she said. "You *are* young. And Mamma, too. You are both the most handsome and the youngest and the most wonderful two people in all of South America."

"And not North America, too?" her father asked, laughing and nudging his wife.

"Oh, of course," Linda started to say. "What I meant—"

But then she stopped.

For she noticed the huge lights of a truck ahead of them now, not far down the road, suddenly coming towards them.

And then it happened, in a tremendous and horrible moment, the lights ahead of them growing brighter and brighter and coming more and more rapidly towards them, the scream of a voice—her mother's; the scream of the tires—theirs, the truck's; the final scream of the collision and the heavy thud of the car as it turned over once, then again, then again.

Linda's head had hit against something on the first turn and she'd been knocked unconscious.

But she came to, a little while later, and it was then she saw that the car was still overturned. Her eyes darted to the front seat. It was empty. Both doors had been flung open and her parents had been thrown out onto the road.

"Mamma . . ." she whispered, ". . . Papa."

She managed to get one of the back doors open and she threw herself out of the car.

She crawled over to the crumpled figure of a man lying on the road. It was her father.

"Papa!" she cried out.

He did not answer.

Then she turned and she saw a man, obviously the driver of the truck that had crashed into them, bending over another form a few yards away, the form of her mother.

She looked at the man.

"She is dead," he said, his voice flat with shock.

Linda began to crawl in his direction.

"I tried to control the truck," the man said, as he watched the girl come towards him. "But the brakes . . . something was wrong with the brakes and I could not."

Linda was next to him now.

She looked up at him, with hatred and fury in her eyes.

She stared at him. And then she reached for his leg with her hands.

"They are *both* dead now," she screamed, digging her nails into the leg, "my mother and my father . . . *both* are dead now."

But then, suddenly, she could feel that the man's leg was trembling and she could feel, through his trousers, the blood that rushed down the leg from his own bruised body.

And, her fury turning to sorrow—for what had happened to her parents and herself and this stranger in that one moment—she dropped her hands and brought her face down against the concrete road and, uncontrollably, she began to cry. . . .

Little girl lost

"I had been so close to my parents," Linda has said, "that after they died, I seemed like a lost deer in a forest of strange shadows and hissing winds. I remember those next few years, at the school I enrolled in after the funeral. . . .

"At first, when I did not talk to anybody there, when I went out of my way never to be with anybody, the girls all thought I was cocky, a snob, a girl who thought she was too good for any of them.

"But after a while—only at the end, in fact—they realized it was not at all this; that it was just that I was so frightened, so confused, so alone now that the two people closest to me were gone. And that I knew so little about life and the rest of the world around me.

"One night—I was fifteen by now—I remember that a few of the girls came to visit my roommate, to talk. I happened to be there at the time, but of course I did not join in the talk. The talk was about boys. After a while, I remember, all the girls were telling stories about their experiences with this boy and that one, and they talked and laughed and giggled until their sides hurt. I remember, too, that at one point one of the girls turned to me and said, 'Come on, quiet one, and tell us all about your secret boyfriends.'

" 'I have none,' I said, looking up.

"They laughed, and I began to blush.

" 'You have never known a boy—not in your whole life?' they asked, still laughing.

" 'There *was*—yes—there *was* one boy I knew,' I said, trying desperately to remember something, so as not to appear so foolish to them.

" 'Ahhhh,' they all said, suddenly interested.

"I tried. 'His name was Mario,' I said. 'He lived across the street from us. Once in a while his father would come to visit my father and Mario would always come to visit me.'

" 'And what did you do, you and this Mario?' they asked.

" 'I would always hit him,' I said, smiling, as I remembered.

" 'What??' the girls called out.

"I nodded. 'I was only ten at the time,' I started to say, 'and he was only seven, but already very rude, and—'

"But I didn't get much farther than that. Because the girls all began to laugh so much now, that terribly cruel laugh of very young and sophisticated schoolgirls, that I couldn't have finished what I was saying even if I'd wanted to.

"And I remember how next, embarrassed, I got up from where I was sitting and began walking out of the room.

"And I remember how, as I was leaving, one of the girls said, 'That poor creature doesn't know *anything*. Can you imagine what will happen the first time she *is* alone with a boy?'

"And I remember how, only a few months later, when I was barely sixteen and just graduated from the school, all the others were so shocked to learn that this 'poor creature' of theirs was planning to marry. . . ."

Child bride

Linda's brother, Miguel, was more than shocked when he first heard about this.

"And exactly whom do you plan to marry?" he asked his sister, angrily, the night she broke the news.

Linda told him.

"But he is more than double your age," her brother said. "He is a mature man already. And you . . . you are practically still a baby."

"He is kind to me," Linda said. She walked over to where her brother stood and she took his hands in hers. "Miguel," she said, "it is true, he is the only man I have ever known, ever talked to. But he is so kind to me, *so* kind . . . You remember, Miguel, how after Mamma and Papa died—how he used to come to the house all the time to console me and be with me? Then he was just a friend of the family, a gentle man who came to console the little heartbroken daughter of his friends and play chess with her and be with her when she needed somebody to be with. For *this*, Miguel, I loved him . . . And then the other night, for the first time, he took me out, to honor my graduation. He took me to the theater. And then to dinner. And then for a drive. And it was while we were driving that he said, 'Linda, I want to marry you. I would like to continue taking care of you forever.' And for *this*, Miguel, I loved him. And I said yes, that I would marry him."

Her brother sighed. He looked deep into her large, innocent eyes.

"Do you know, Linda, what marriage is?" he asked, softly.

"It is a beautiful thing," Linda said. "Our mother and father were married, and theirs was a beautiful thing."

"But," her brother said, groping around for the right words, "a man . . . a woman . . . the kind of love they must share as married people . . . Do you know anything about *this* kind of love?"

Suddenly, Linda let go of his hands. It was as if there was something Miguel would say now that would frighten her, as if she had half-heard things that—to her young mind—were more frightening than beautiful, as if she wanted to know only the beautiful right now.

"He is kind to me," Linda said, interrupting her brother. "That is all I know or care about. That—and that I will marry him . . . Don't you understand, Miguel? Don't you understand?"

Her brother looked down, in thought. Again, he was searching for the right words.

"Linda," he started to say slowly, "perhaps there are some things you should know. That *I* should tell you now—"

He looked up.

But, he saw, there was no sense in his going on.

For Linda had turned away from him and begun to walk out of the room. . . .

To become a nun

"Please do not object," Linda says today, "if I do not talk much about that marriage. All I can say is I very soon learned the mistake I'd made and that on the fourth morning of the marriage I asked my husband please to understand, but that I wanted to go home. And if he had ever been kind to me up till now, he certainly was at his kindest that moment. Because he

just looked at me and he did understand and he said, 'All right, Linda, we will end this. I thought I was doing good, but I do not want to ruin your life or my own.' . . . So I went home and back to Miguel. Miguel was so wonderful to me at this time. At first, yes, he was angry. 'I did not want you to marry,' he said, 'but since you did, I would have thought you'd have the courage to give it more of a try than this!' But after a while he, too, understood, I think, and he began to try harder and harder to make me happy . . . Except that all his effort didn't seem to help.

"I felt empty inside me now, as if there was nothing inside me but a tremendous sad heart, that kept on beating, almost as if against my will, and that kept reminding me with its beat that I was, while sad, still alive and that I must do something with my life.

"It was hard to decide what to do. I imagine this is because I did not really want to do anything. I was alone, all the time, a girl who spent most of her time on her knees in prayer, praying for the repose of her dead parents' souls, living in the past, in the now bitter-sweet yesterdays, afraid to face tomorrow, the day after, and all the days to come.

"But then finally, one night, I decided what I would do. I thought by myself for a while. And then I talked to Miguel. I told him that in a little while I would go upstairs to my room and write a letter to my father's sisters, the nuns, in Spain, telling them I would soon come to join them.

"'And you, too, will become a nun?' Miguel asked me.

"'If it is God's will,' I said.

"Miguel spoke a little while longer, trying to get me to think harder about this, to get me to wait before sending the letter. And then, suddenly, he must have sensed it would be no good to try any further and, with tears in his eyes, he leaned over and kissed me.

"'I will miss you, *hermana,*' he said.

"I, too, began to cry.

"Almost, *almost,* I said to him, 'No brother, no, you are right—I should not go, I will not go.'

"But at that moment I looked around the room we were sitting in, a room I had known all my life, one of the rooms that had been my life.

"And I thought, 'No, I have nothing here anymore, not in this room, not in this house, not even with you anymore, my brother.'

"And so I said, simply, 'Thank you, Miguel, for your sentiment,' and I kissed him back and then I went upstairs to write my letter. . . ."

On the way to the convent

Miracles often occur at strange times, in strange places.

The place of Linda Cristal's miracle was Mexico City, the time a few months after her talk with Miguel, and a few days before she was to be driven to Vera Cruz to board the ship for Spain.

She and an old friend of her family's were walking through a movie studio, the friend pointing out the sights, when a man sighted Linda.

The man was a producer, one of the biggest in Mexico.

He came over and introduced himself.

He talked for a while, mostly to Linda.

When he was satisfied that his first hunch was right, he said, "Young lady, you are very beautiful. You are also obviously a girl of much breeding. Now it happens that—"

And he went on to tell her that he was casting a new picture, that he was having trouble filling one important role—the role of a young society beauty in some sort of trouble, and that she, Linda, could have that role if she wanted it.

Linda smiled one of her rare smiles.

"Thank you," she said, "but I cannot accept your offer."

"Why?" the producer asked. "These offers are not made every day, just like this, you know. Why?"

"I am going to Spain," Linda said.

"Why?" the producer asked again.

"To try to become a nun," Linda said.

For the third time, and without hesitation, the producer asked, "Why?"

Nor did Linda hesitate. "I believe I have but one friend," she said. "That friend is God. I would like to become even more friendly with Him."

The producer studied her for a moment. Then he asked her if she would come have



THE LENNON SISTERS

"What People Are Saying About Teens" in the current **INGENUE** *(on sale Oct. 15) reprints the good publicity teenagers get along with the bad. And we're all for it. Seems to us recent headlines have been heavily weighted toward the latter. Our thanks to* **INGENUE** *for balancing the scales."*

a cup of coffee with him. "I would like to talk to you—" he said.

For a long time, they talked.

The producer asked Linda questions, about her background, her life.

Linda answered him honestly.

"Have you ever stopped to wonder," the producer asked, very seriously, when he had heard enough, "if perhaps God might not want you to try to become friendly with the world, His world, rather than run away from it?"

He cleared his throat.

"Perhaps I speak out of turn—" he started to say.

But he could see by the way Linda was looking at him now that perhaps what he had just said had been, after all, a truth.

It was a little while later when Linda entered her hotel room. As was—and still is—her habit at times of decision, she pulled down all the windowshades so that the room would be dark and nothing in it would distract her, she chose the most uncomfortable chair in the room so she would not relax nor allow her mind to distract itself with other thoughts.

And she communed—with herself and with her God.

"Oh, Holy Jesus," she asked, "would this be right, now, for me to forsake You, to stay here, in this strange city, and enter this strange profession, instead of coming to You, Holy Jesus, to You?"

For the better part of an hour, sitting there alone, in the dark, staring straight ahead, not moving, she asked this question, over and over, in different ways, with different words, but always it was the same question.

And then, suddenly, the man's words came back to her.

Perhaps it is God's wish that you become friends with the world. . . .

. . . friends with the world.

. . . friends with the world.

And as Linda thought of these words now, for the first time in years—since that night on the road from the beach and that week end with her parents, since just a few moments before the accident—she felt a certain lightness inside her first, and then an old familiar warmth began to fill her body, as if she were being counseled once again, as if she were being embraced once again by loving, caring arms.

And she knew that she had been given her answer.

Slowly, she rose from her chair.

Slowly, she walked to the window.

Slowly, she lifted the shade and looked out the window.

At this moment, there was no way for Linda to know exactly what lay in her future—that before too long she would become one of the most popular young actresses in all of Latin America; that one day a few years later she would spend thirty-five centavos for a book called *Ingles Para Todos—Basic English,* memorize it cover to cover, try out for a role in an American picture, get it, click in it and be invited to come live and work in Hollywood; that shortly after her arrival there she would co-star in pictures with Tony Curtis, Johnny Saxon and Hugh O'Brian.

But why go on with the future now?

This was now for Linda Cristal.

Friends with the world

And the important thing, now, as Linda continued standing at the window, was that she was, at last, after those long years of loneliness, beginning to live again.

The good feeling came slowly.

It had started with something inside her—the lightness, the warmth, the filling of the emptiness that had been weighing her down so terribly.

And now that good feeling grew as she looked out the window and began to acquaint herself with the new world around her, the world she had shunned for so long.

She watched, for a few moments, the activity in the street below, the rushing traffic and the people, all those people walking this way and that, talking, laughing, so anxious to get where they were going, so happy to be going somewhere and on the verge of doing something.

And then, after a while of this, her eyes lifted and she found herself looking into a window across the street, where a woman stood holding an infant in her arms, talking to him, introducing him to the daylight, shifting his position at one point so that he might see the tiny bird that had just come to perch for a second on their windowsill.

At one point, too, the woman's eye caught Linda's and she smiled and waved.

Linda smiled and waved back.

"Hello," she called, in a loud, clear voice.

Then she looked down again at the street below, at that ever-moving crowd there.

"Hello," she whispered to all the people who made up the crowd, as if to let them know she was ready, finally, to come join them.

"Hello. . . ." **END**

Linda's in United Artists' CRY TOUGH.

Carol Lynley

(*Continued from page 45*)

daughter, had got on a contest on television, dancing. He asked me, 'What's she going to wear?' I told him, 'Something I made.' He said, 'I'm Charles Duchard, a designer for Simplicity Patterns. If I'd have known, I'd have made something for your girl.' . . . Well, that's all there was to that for the time being. A few nights later the TV show was on. Carol didn't win. I think the prize was a two-week vacation in Florida, a bike and so on. But I found out she was photogenic. At least that's what everybody told me. They told me I should take her to be a model. I thought they were kidding me . . . Eventually, around Easter time, I took the children on an outing for the day. I remember we went all around New York and then up to the Empire State Building and then back to the restaurant, where I had to pick something up. And who was there but Charles Duchard, the designer from Simplicity. He looked at Carol and said, 'Is this your girl?—She's perfect—You should take her to Helen Boyer at Simplicity—She's looking for girls this age now. . . .' Well, it didn't sound as if *he* was kidding. But, I was so busy I didn't get around to it for about a month. Then I found out we needed color photos of Carol and that these cost about $100. I started working another job, to save the money. But after just a little while somebody said they knew someone who'd see Carol without the color pictures. And that's how it began . . . We went down to see these people. They said they liked Carol, but that we'd have to do something with her hair, which was in braids and too long and straight. That night I put it all up in curlers and the next morning it came out awful, all over the place. We went down to the agency again and the woman said she was sorry but that we'd have to cut Carol's hair, about two feet of it. I said okay, to give me a scissors and a room and we'd cut. It was sad, in a way, but that afternoon Carol posed for her first job and after twenty minutes somebody said, 'Will you please make out a bill.' 'How much for?' I asked. 'Let's make it $12.50 an hour,' the woman said, '—and charge for the whole hour, of course.' I nearly fell over. Do you know how long it took me to make $12.50 in tips?"

Carol's career begins

Within only a few months' time, Mrs. Lynley was astounded, delighted, to see her daughter become one of the top child models in New York.

Mrs. Lynley was able to quit her job.

Everything, then, should have been sweet and rosy and glamorous for both mother and daughter—daughter, especially.

For one thing: Carol, young as she was, realized the importance of money—and the money, lots of it, was beginning to come in.

For another: Carol realized that her mother was happy, happier than she had ever known her to be. And this was important to the girl because Frances Lynley—husbandless, hard-working—had been unhappy for a long, long time.

("And why shouldn't she have been happy now?" someone has asked. "After all, suddenly she was *somebody*—not an anonymous lady who pushed trays around in a restaurant and waited around for tips and then the subway home late at night, but a *mother* who was guiding her child's future, who rode around in taxis with her daughter from studio to studio, who finally had a chance to spend *all* her time with her family, who could give her life and the life of her family some dignity, some security, some amount of success.")

But Carol says now, somewhat bitterly, "I don't know why any child would want to do it. I wouldn't put my daughter to work as a child. You see them trundling around at four, going from one job to another. It's hard on a child. I think you should start when you're seventeen." But, she continued plugging away at her job.

Until, one day, her mother told her: "Maybe you could do even better in the theater. Would you like that?"

Carol said yes.

Again, it was Mrs. Lynley who helped out in the clinch.

"When I found out Carol was willing to try acting," she says, "I thought maybe television would be a good beginning. I took her around to some of the agents and they said, 'What a beautiful girl!'—but there wasn't too much call for beautiful girls her age. She got a few walk-ons, but never anything else. I kept thinking to myself, if they only gave her a *line* to read. So I got an idea. I thought we'd try to make Carol plain. We spent a few hours one morning picking out the ugliest dress we could find and the ugliest hat and everything. Then we made the rounds again. Finally we hit a place where they said, 'Here, let her read this.' Carol read it. They said, 'She's got a very appealing quality to her voice.' Carol smiled a broad smile when she heard that. All of a sudden, she looked beautiful again. I cleared my throat and indicated to her to get rid of the smile. She caught on and did. Nobody saw—and she got the part."

The next couple of years, it turned out, were tough not only on Carol (more hard work, more competition)—but on Mrs. Lynley as well.

It is not easy to keep a professional child in tow—especially when that child is the family's sole breadwinner.

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE STEVE McQUEEN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE JACK PAAR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE JOANNE WOODWARD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE PAUL NEWMAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE CHERYL CRANE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE DEAN MARTIN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

And for the Lynleys there were some rough moments—eruptions on Carol's part.

"There was the time," Mrs. Lynley remembers, "Carol did this Hitchcock show, the one in which she plays a murderess. We were waiting around one Sunday night for it to go on. I was drowsy and went to lie down and I said to Carol, 'Wake me up when it's time for the show to go on.' Well, she'd wanted to see it alone, all alone—to see her mistakes alone, as she said. And she didn't wake me. I still have *that* score to settle with her."

There was also the time Carol told an interviewer: "I recently had an argument with Mother about how to handle my affairs. Mother insisted that I read a part in a particular way and I was terrible, the director almost went out of his mind. That settled that. I'm the actress, I decided, and I'll take care of the acting. You're the mother, I told her, and you take care of *your* part, the mothering."

But Mrs. Lynley has since countered that remark with this:

"Carol usually tells me I'm wrong, but then she very often does what I say. Especially in acting. If I don't like the way she says a word during a rehearsal, she says, 'Oh Mother, what do you know about acting?' But by the time the dress rehearsal comes around, she's usually changed it and she says, '*Now* are you satisfied?'"

Mrs. Lynley, a strict disciplinarian, has some definite ideas on matters other than show business *per se*.

"Of course I worried about Carol when she was out working as a model," she has said. "That's why I was almost always with her. I didn't want anybody getting any ideas. Anybody who's got a guilty conscience feels very bad when I'm around.

"I think it's important to stay around your children, if you don't want them getting into any trouble, to stay around and keep watching. So many parents don't give their children any of their time. I think it's important to be home when they expect company, things like that. With Carol, though, it's easy. She's very obedient. She always goes to a definite place when she goes out. She always comes home at a definite time. She never goes out with anybody I haven't met. That's one of the reasons I like New York over other places—I mean, there isn't so much going out in cars. Taxis are nice, I think; they are very well chaperoned. I always say about cars: what you don't get into, you don't have to fight your way out of.

"No, Carol doesn't like to go to parties very much. She went to one in Hollywood recently. I let her go, even though I was afraid it was going to be one of those Hollywood teenage parties I'd heard so much about. But I told her she had to be back by twelve. She came in at 12:11. She told me she was just as glad she left . . . She isn't too crazy about parties, big parties. She wouldn't like to be forbidden to go, but she doesn't go much anyway."

As Carol sums up her relationship with her mother: "She has given me a set of standards to live by and those are the standards I live by . . . I feel your mother brings you up until you're twenty-one and you're not legally free until then."

Odd words for a seventeen-year-old?

We think so.

Other odd words that Carol has spoken: "I will send my brother to college . . . providing he promises he won't become an actor . . . or a model when he's through. . . .

"If I ever have a daughter, I'll never let her become a model . . . at least not until she's eighteen."

Carol won't go so far as to admit that she hates modeling and acting. She knows full well how important it was that the money necessary to keep the family together came from somewhere. She is grateful that she could provide it. But that's different from liking it.

Carol sounds most wistful when discussing friends. "I don't like many people in Hollywood . . . so many of them are phonies . . . just out for themselves. My best friends? Well, I guess they're my cousins. Three girls. But they live in Boston."

There is no mystery, really, connected with the fact that Carol turns again and again to her family. She knows no place else to turn to get away from the cameras she dislikes, the actors who seem like phonies, the studio "publicity dates" that look so charming in the newspapers but feel so much like cheating.

Carol's mother is her agent, director, guide, discoverer . . . and dependent. Carol needs her mother, and her mother needs Carol to find their way around a tough world . . . to make a living and a reasonable life.

Carol is a strong girl, and a brave girl. "I'm only afraid of the dark," she says. And we think we understand that. Alone in the dark she realizes how very alone she is.

Alone in the dark, Carol wishes for that father . . . that kindly Norman-Vincent-Peale-type of father who could say: *You don't have to be strong anymore. You don't have to be brave. Have faith in me and in God. You can stop trying so hard to be successful at jobs you hate and just be the little girl you never had the chance to be.*

But this will never come about.

The strong and kindly man Carol is looking for will not turn out to be a father. He will be a husband. But he exists. He goes to parties . . . he's out in the world.

The thing we hope Carol will soon learn is that she will never meet him if she is locked in the apartment with her mother.

END

Carol is next in 20th-Fox's HOUND-DOG MAN.

7. I LIKE CAROL LYNLEY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

8. I LIKE VICTORIA SHAW:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ROGER SMITH:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE KATHY NOLAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE LINDA CRISTAL:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I READ: [1] all of **ROCK AND ROLLERS ON THE ROAD** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... **NAME**.....

ADDRESS..... STREET

CITY..... **ZONE**..... **STATE**.....

Liz' and Debbie's Fatherless Children

(*Continued from page 53*)

and before she went to sleep and still say those nice things he always used to say at bedtime, like "Good night, doll," and "Sleep tight, my baby," and "Dream of Daddy—don't forget"?

And didn't he bring presents all wrapped with white paper and dark red ribbons, just like always?

And always, always, wasn't he always close enough so that if his little girl fell and hurt her knee and cried, or got a terrible stomach ache and cried, or just felt sad inside and cried and said, "I want my daddy, please, I want my daddy"—wasn't it always possible for her to see or talk to that daddy?

Yes, for those first long months, from September to the following March. Yes.

But then one day in late March her daddy came by the house and said that he had to go away for a while, to that place with the funny name, in the big desert, where he worked at his singing once in a while.

And there was something in the way he hugged Carrie Frances when he told her this that made her cry more than she had ever cried before, in her whole life.

The little girl knew nothing about what had happened between her mother and her daddy all these months since he'd left the house—that only a few months earlier they had filed for divorce, that in only another month and a half her daddy would marry again, that that marriage would be considered illegal in the state where they all lived and that he would have to stay out of the state for a long time.

But she, the little girl, knew none of this now.

She knew only that her daddy was going away.

And that she didn't want him to go.

"Don't worry," he told her, as she continued crying away, as he continued hugging her, "I'll be seeing you again."

"Soon?" Carrie Frances sobbed, "—you promise?"

"Soon, I promise," her daddy said.

Gone

For five long weeks she waited for the promise to come true.

And then the phone call came from the place in the desert.

It was for her mommy. "Very important," said the maid. "Mr. Fisher calling. He'd like to talk to you direct."

Carrie Frances had always been taught never to stand in a dark corner listening to other people talk on the phone.

But this time she disobeyed that rule.

And she could hear her mother, at one point, say, "I'm sorry, Eddie, I'm not sending the children. No . . . I'm sorry, Eddie . . . No."

Then, a little while later, she heard her mother talking to someone else on the phone.

"I can't," she heard her say. "It's too much to send young children in a plane to a place like Vegas. It's hot there—the change of climate—it's too hectic. The whole thing. How can I agree. . . I know he's leaving for Europe right after the wedding. Yes, he'll be gone eight months, a year. . . But he'll be working nights in Vegas. He'll be getting up late. How can he take care of the children properly with those hours? . . . And *she'll* be there. I just don't think it would be right with *her* there. . . . !"

Carrie Frances didn't understand the words exactly.

But she understood one thing, one important thing: that the promise she'd counted on so much wasn't about to come true.

When her mother was finished talking on the phone, she walked up to the little girl.

"Honey?" Debbie said, hesitantly, not sure whether her daughter had heard or not, but seeing that she was pale suddenly. "Are you—are you all right?"

Carrie Frances said nothing.

For a long moment they simply stood there looking at each other, the weary young mother, her unhappy child.

And then Debbie said, "Honey . . . Honey, you know what? . . . Your daddy called a little while ago and wants you and Todd to visit him." She smiled. "I can't send Toddie, of course. He's a baby. He's so small. But you, honey, you and the nurse, you can go, for a few days, and—"

Debbie never got a chance to finish.

Carrie Frances had grabbed her on those last words and was hugging her knees hard, so hard.

And she, Debbie, knew that she had already said all that needed saying. . . .

Those three days in Las Vegas were the happiest Carrie Frances had ever known.

Her daddy met her at the airport in a long yellow-gold car, and he brought with him a doll which they immediately christened Miss B., in honor of the stewardess who had taken such good care of Carrie Frances and her nurse on the airplane trip from home.

A lady called Elizabeth

Then, the newly-named Miss B. in tow, they drove to a house to have lunch with another lady, a beautiful lady, whom Carrie Frances' daddy called Elizabeth.

After lunch, her daddy took Carrie Frances to a store where he bought her two dresses and a funny white hat for the sun and a bathing suit, and after that he took her to a big house with hundreds of rooms and with hundreds of people walking around, the place where her daddy lived and where he worked—"a ho-tel," as the little girl repeated after him, "a ho-tel."

Here at this hotel Carrie Frances could see that there were many things around to give a little girl a good time; a soda fountain, with those people in stiff uniforms behind it, all busy making all kinds of wonderful concoctions and an elevator with a man in it who looked as if he would be happy to take you up and down, down and up, no matter how many times you wanted to go.

But, best of all, there was a swimming pool.

And that was where Carrie Frances and her daddy would spend most of their time alone those next few days . . . for a few long precious hours each day . . . just the two of them . . . playing and singing and splashing in the water and laughing . . . Eddie crowding a year's worth of visits into three short days . . . both of them acting as if these days would never end, not ever.

They did end, however; quickly. . . .

The date was May twelfth. The time was three o'clock. In less than twenty-four hours Carrie Frances' daddy would be standing in a flower-decked room, a few miles away, alongside the lady named Elizabeth, marrying her.

But for now he sat in the yellow-gold car, next to her, his daughter, driving her to the airport, to the plane that would take her back home.

When he stopped the car, he spoke little.

"Sweetheart," he said, "—good-bye for now. I've got to go away. I won't be seeing you for a while."

As if Carrie Frances knew instinctively that it would be best not to ask him at this point where he was going, for how long he was going to be gone, she said only, "Good-bye, Daddy."

Eddie kissed her.

Carrie Frances kissed him back, a dozen times, more.

"Good-bye, Daddy . . . Good-bye," she said, over and over.

And then the nurse took her hand and led her out of the car, the little girl still waving as Eddie drove swiftly away. . . .

Today, a few months later, Carrie Frances lives for the day her daddy will come back to her.

She knows, from what her mother has said, that he is in a place called England. She has no conception as to where that is exactly, except that it is very far away, a hundred miles maybe, a million miles—far, very far.

She knows, from what her mother has said, that he will come back to see her "in February-March-maybe." She has no conception as to when February-March-maybe falls, except that it comes not this year—but next, that it comes even *after* Christmas . . . that it is, no matter how you look at it, a long time away.

Still, she knows he *will* come back to her.

And she waits.

Once in a while a telephone call, especially for her, from Eddie in Europe, sharpens the poignancy of her wait.

"Daddy?" she screams happily into the phone. "Going to take the airplane now? You come home today?"

When Eddie tells her no, that he can't, not right now, she nods a brave little nod and she says, "Yes, Daddy, not today."

Then, in answer to his questions, she tells him about what she and Todd have been doing.

About Todd she says:

"He eats his cereal. . . .

"He plays with me sometimes. . . .

"He walks now. You should see him walk, Daddy."

About herself she says:

"I take your picture and I kiss it. . . .

"I ask the Nurse to play the record you made, and you sing for me, for Carrie.

Next Month

watch for

FABIAN *and his girl*

on the cover of

MODERN SCREEN

—on sale November 5

"And every night I take the doll you gave to me to my bed and I squeeze it tight. And then we say our prayers, dollie and Carrie. And we say how much we love you."

Then, once more, she tries for the miracle.

"Daddy . . . When are you coming home? You coming home today?"

Eddie says something.

Again, the little girl nods.

"Good-bye," she says a few moments later.

And she jiggles the receiver back into its hook.

And her long wait—for February-March-maybe and her daddy—continues. . . .

The children of Liz Taylor

"It wasn't so bad for the boys when they were in California," someone has said of Liz Taylor's two sons—Michael, Jr., nearly seven, and Christopher, four and a half. "They lived in a house, a place they knew as home. They had friends, other children from the neighborhood. They were happy little guys. Truthfully, they didn't seem to miss not having what they hadn't had for quite a while, a father. They knew Michael Wilding as a nice man who came to visit them occasionally. They liked him. They called him Papa. But they never fretted when he had to leave them, nor did they get very excited when they learned he might be coming around again—back from Europe or someplace—to see them.

"Then Liz married Eddie.

"And they all went to London.

"And that's where things really changed for the boys."

The change began the afternoon their father—just back from making a picture in North England—came to the penthouse suite where they were staying, at the Hotel Dorchester, to pay them a call.

"How long have you been here now?" Michael, Sr. asked his sons after they had kissed him dutifully. "Two weeks? Three?"

"Three," said Michael, Jr.

"And having a good time, I suppose?" their father asked.

The boys nodded, but not enthusiastically. "Yes," they said, "pretty good."

There was a pause.

Michael, Sr. cleared his throat.

"And what have you boys been doing today?" he asked.

They had gotten up at seven o'clock and had breakfast on the penthouse terrace with their mother and 'Uncle Eddie' and their half sister, little Liza.

At eight o'clock they'd said good-bye to Liz, who was off to the studio for a full day's work on her latest picture. "Mom doesn't want to go. But she must. Her work is very important, you know."

At 8:30, their nanny had taken them to Hyde Park for a few hours.

At 11:30, they'd returned to the hotel and sat in the living room listening to Uncle Eddie and a man at the piano rehearse a few numbers.

It had been all planned that at twelve o'clock they would have lunch with Uncle Eddie. But five minutes before that hour there had been a phone call and he was off to an important conference.

So they had eaten alone—just them and their nanny.

And then, after a short nap, Nanny had taken them to the park.

"Hyde Park again?" their father asked.

"Yes," the boys said.

"And did you play with other children there?"

The boys shook their heads.

"We just walked," said Michael, Jr.

"Pretty dull dishwater of a day, wasn't it?" Michael Wilding said to his sons.

The boys didn't understand.

"Men," their father said then, "I have an idea . . . *We* are going to get out of here and have dinner together tonight. Just us, and a certain young lady . . . Is that all right with you?"

The boys nodded, "Yes, Papa."

They watched as their father got up from the big chair on which he was sitting and walked over to the telephone. They listened as he asked the man at the desk downstairs to please connect him with the studio where their mother was.

"Good, Liz . . . thanks," they heard him say. Then, as he hung up, they watched him turn back to them, smile again and say, "Dinner. Us. Together. Tonight . . . At long last, my boys. . . ."

Michael Sr.'s car pulled to a stop in Belgrave Square fifteen minutes later.

"This is my home, where I live," he said to his sons, pointing out a small gray town house. A minute later, at the door, he said, "And this pretty blonde lady is my wife. You've met her before—but if you don't remember, her name is Sarah."

"How do you do?" the boys said.

"How good to see you both again," said Sarah. "Won't you come in?"



I love to mambo—and the latest version Fred Astaire created, the **INGENUE** *mambo, is really swell. I followed the step patterns in the* **INGENUE** *article and they're a snap. First an* **INGENUE** *song, and now this mambo. Swinging magazine!*

TOMMY SANDS

The first hour was rather formal.

The boys were obviously uncomfortable in these new surroundings. And Michael, Sr. couldn't help feel uncomfortable, too, in his sudden role of father-at-home-with-the-sons.

But then, towards the end of dinner, the ice was slowly broken.

"Do you know what I've been thinking just now?" Michael, Sr. asked as he plunged his spoon into his ice cream.

"What?" the boys asked back.

"How much fun it would be," their father said, "if tomorrow or the next day you and I got back into the car and had ourselves a little tour of London. . . The palace where the Queen of all Britain lives—have you ever seen that?"

The boys said no.

"And London Tower," said their father, "where the crown jewels are kept way up in a fusty old room, zillions of pounds—or, dollars—worth of royal jewels, guarded to the death by the Beefeaters, slightly old men, but strong, very strong, armed with lances should any thief try to break in and remove the great treasure. Have you ever been *there*?"

Again, the boys said no.

"And Hampton Court maybe," Michael, Sr. went on, "where Henry the Eighth, the evil monarch, got rid of any wife he didn't like—simply by chopping off her head. . . Seen that?"

"Noooooo," the boys said, impressed.

"Would you like to?" asked their father.

"Oh, yes," said Michael, Jr. quickly.

"'Specially where they chopped the heads," chimed in little Christopher. . . .

Little boys and their father

"And so it began," says a close friend of the Wildings, "the truly wonderful days for these two little boys and their father. It happened that Mike wasn't working just then and he had all the time in the world in which to be with his sons. He took them everywhere those first few days, picking them up at the hotel just as Liz got ready to go to work, dropping them off at night at about the time she got home. I must say, I have never—for all the years I have known him—seen Mike look so happy. And certainly the boys were riding clouds. . . I remember I was with them all when Mike broke the news that he had gotten their mother's permission to take them to the beach at Brighton for two weeks. The boys by this time very much in love with their father, and all their early reserve towards him gone to the dogs, howled with delight. It was obviously the high point of their young lives.

"Brighton, from what I hear, was marvelous that first week.

"Mike and the boys went swimming together.

"Even fishing—Mike for the first time, just because the boys wanted to.

"They went on rides in the amusement park nearby.

"They knocked down those wooden ducks with little rubber balls.

"They did everything—together.

"And then, at the beginning of the second week, came the news. Mike got a call from his agent about a part, very important, in a picture being filmed on the Continent, beginning immediately.

"Mike broke the news to the boys at dinner that night. 'I guess,' he said, 'we'll have to postpone the rest of our holiday for six weeks or so.'

"The boys' faces dropped.

"'But we won't be here in six weeks, Papa,' Michael, Jr. said, laying down his fork. 'In three weeks we have to go to Spain with Mother again and then we go to New York for the winter.'

"'I see,' Mike said. 'I—I had forgotten that . . . Well, I tell you,' he said. 'Here's what we can do instead—'

"And then he stopped, realizing that there was nothing to do instead, really.

"'You *have* to go with your mother . . . you understand that, don't you?' he asked his sons after a few moments.

"'Yes,' the boys said.

"'And as for me,' Mike said, '—I think I may well be in the United States sometime next year. And then we'll say, "To heck with that extra week we never had in Brighton." Because we'll be spending more than a week together—maybe even a month—and we'll go to one of the beaches in the States, the biggest and best beach we can find—and. . . .'

"It hurt him too much to go on.

"No man, after all, likes to see his sons begin to weep. . . ."

Like young flowers, once secure, attacked suddenly by a bitter-sharp wind, they float, lonely and confused—these little children.

Their mothers are movie actresses Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor.

They are fortunate in having these women as their mothers, women who love them, very much.

But, tragically, the children have no fathers around to add to that love, to make it complete.

Tragically, it must always be this way.

END

Debbie will be seen in THE RAT RACE *and* NIGHT WITHOUT END, *both by Paramount.*

Liz' next picture is TWO FOR THE SEESAW *by United Artists.*

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Brigitte Bardot

(*Continued from page 30*)

Every time Brigitte and Jacques so much as looked at each other, the air was full of sparks. Even on the streets of St. Tropez, they flew, and in the market place where they did the shopping for the household, Brigitte swinging a little woven-rope shopping bag against her bare leg as she wandered from stall to stall in leotards. One look exchanged between them—and the farmers and fishermen displaying their wares would turn to each other and grin.

Naturally, the reporters who have haunted this tiny fishing village since Brigitte bought a villa there two years ago, didn't fail to notice.

And wonder.

And ask questions.

"Ah—Brigitte," one called out one morning, "Some people say you two are married. . . ."

Brigitte laughed. "Now, why should they say that?"

"Because Jacques lives in your house, of course."

For the first time, Brigitte looked cross. "So do my maid and my secretary," she snapped. "Do they say I am married to them?"

The reporter smiled. "Do you hold hands with them? Kiss them on the beach at night? Look at them with such a look—?

"Nonetheless," Jacques Charrier said firmly, breaking in at last, "we are not married. At least, *I* am not." He put an arm around Brigitte. "Are you?"

She giggled, good humour restored. "Not at all. Not at all. . . ."

Their first mistake

But the questions did not cease; in fact, it got so during the month of May, that everytime Brigitte and Jacques appeared in public—and in a village the size of St. Tropez, everywhere outside your own house is public—someone stepped out from behind a bush, or a beach umbrella, or an *aperitif* glass, and asked the same question:

"Are you two married?"

At the end of the month, Brigitte and Jacques made their first mistake—a mistake that was to crop up again and again during the weeks that followed. Still, it was understandable. They were sick and tired of being pestered, it was a hot day, and they felt a little giddy. Brigitte has, since girlhood, worn on her left hand a simple pearl ring, the gift of her parents. On impulse, she whirled it around on her finger, so that the pearl was at her palm and only the gold band showed. "Yes," she said, "yes, yes. We are married. There—look at my ring. Now, please, leave us alone."

The reporter's jaw dropped. He turned to Jacques. "And *your* ring?"

Jacques could go along with a gag. Almost as soon as Brigitte had made her move, he had twisted his army ring around, too. *"Voila!"* he said.

The reporter turned pale beneath his St. Tropez tan. *"Formidable!"* he muttered. Then he turned and scurried for a telephone.

The news broke all over the Paris papers, the Rome papers, the American papers. Everyone in the world must have read it, except for Brigitte and Jacques, who were not interested in newspapers. They noticed only that St. Tropez seemed for once empty of reporters, and they took advantage of it to rent a pair of bikes and explore the countryside, undisturbed. They did not have any idea that the reporters of St. Tropez, too, were out exploring—searching the records of one near-by town after another, looking for the papers of the non-existent marriage, so they could tell a breathless world when and where it took place. Of course, they found nothing.

Discouraged, the reporters held a council in a St. Tropez cafe.

"They must have planned very carefully to keep the secret so well."

"If they were so secretive about it, then why did they tell now?"

"There must be a reason. . . ."

They stared at each other. *"Of course!* Brigitte is going to have a baby!"

BB's baby

Jacques and Brigitte rode their bicycles back to town when dusk was falling. They were met before her walled villa by a delegation of newsmen armed with paper and pencils.

"Is it true you're pregnant?"

"When is it due?"

"What names have you chosen?"

Taken completely aback, Brigitte stared, and forgot all about the joke she and Jacques had played. "Pregnant!" she said, astounded. "I'm not even married!"

The reporters roared with laughter. "Too late to tell us that. Why, you told us yourselves you were married!"

"But it was a joke," Jacques protested violently. "A gag on you!"

"Oh, indeed?" a reporter queried. "And is this also a joke?" He held out a Paris newspaper. Jacques snatched it away and he and Brigitte peered at the picture and story on page one, trying to read it in the dim light. The picture was of Brigitte's mother. "Yes," the story quoted Madame Bardot as saying, in Paris, "the wedding was held about ten days ago. No, I cannot give you details!"

Brigitte and Jacques stared at each other in the dusk.

"But what—?" cried Jacques.

"Poor Maman—" exclaimed Brigitte, simultaneously. "She must have thought we eloped without telling her. And she was covering up for us. Ah, the poor Maman—"

"But she would have called," said Jacques, more and more confused. "Surely—"

Brigitte clapped a hand to her mouth. "Oh, Jacques! She did! I'm sure she did. But I was alone in the house when the telephone rang, and—you know how I feel about telephones, so—I didn't answer it!"

Jacques glared, speechless. He had quarreled with Brigitte a dozen times about this new quirk of hers—a refusal to answer a telephone herself. "You see," he said angrily at last. "You see—"

But the impatient reporters broke in again. *"Eh bien,* enough of these lovers' quarrels. When is the baby due?"

A change came over Jacques' face. Without so much as a glance at the excited newsmen, he took Brigitte's hand into his and pressed it. "What would you think, Brigitte," he inquired softly, "if we were to make an honest woman of your mother?"

Brigitte looked up at him, her eyes suddenly shining. "It could not be a church wedding," she said, also softly, a little hesitantly. "I have been divorced, Jacques. I can not be married in church. . . ."

Jacques' gaze never wavered. "God will know," he said tenderly, "how much I need you to be my wife."

Making an honest woman of her

The crowd of staring newsmen might have been so many statues, so many trees, for all they knew or cared. In that moment outside Brigitte's villa, she and Jacques were truly, completely, beautifully—alone.

In the next moment, a flurry of activity shook the St. Tropez household. There were telegrams to be sent, letters to be written, plans to be made. Brigitte even used the telephone to call her mother, who burst into tears of relief when she learned she had not been left out of her daughter's wedding after all. "You will be at the *real* wedding, Maman," she assured her mother. "And it will be just as much a secret as the fake one was. Only the family, and Jacques' family, and perhaps one or two friends. But no reporters. Oh, it will be beautiful. . . ."

It almost was, too, but not quite.

Somebody—they never found out just who—tipped off the press. All of Brigitte's and Jacques' carefully laid hints that they would be married in St. Tropez went for nothing. On June 18th there were no reporters at all outside the little city hall in the fishing village where Jacques and Brigitte had pretended the marriage would take place. But almost every photographer in France was readying his camera outside the building in the Paris suburb of Louveciennes where Mayor Fernand Guillaume was to marry the pair. They were ready and waiting when Brigitte, in a simple, full-skirted cotton dress, arrived with her parents and sister and Jacques' mother, father and younger brother.

"Oh, no!" Brigitte cried. There was nothing artificial about the horror in her eyes. "Jacques—they found out. They'll ruin everything. What should we do?"

"Do?" Jacques said firmly. "Why, get married, of course." With one hand he straightened his tie. With the other, he took Brigitte's elbow to help her up the steps. A dozen cameras went off in his face. "Now, stop that!" he shouted.

The tragi-comedy of the marriage

But Brigitte shook her head. "No, listen," she said hastily. "Maybe if we are nice to them, they will be nice to us." She turned to smile reassuringly at the worried group of relatives on the steps behind them. Then she pushed her blonde hair, worn loose today, out of her eyes, and looked at the newsmen. "If we give you some pictures first, may we be married in privacy?" she asked gently.

The photographers nodded eagerly. On Brigitte's say-so, the police provided by Mayor Guillaume 'just in case' stepped aside to let the cameramen into the building. In an ante-room, Brigitte and Jacques obligingly embraced, kissed, smiled and held hands for them. Not until the Mayor called them into his chambers did they ask the photographers to stop.

Then, holding hands again—this time for no one but themselves—they opened the door to the little office and went inside.

Everyone else had found seats. Next to Madame Bardot sat Brigitte's movie stand-in and closest friend. Behind her, her secretary. Jacques' handsome father, a colonel in the French Army, smiled at the bride. Mijanou twisted a hankie nervously. Jacques' brother watched with admiring eyes as Jacques led his bride-to-be to the chairs at the Mayor's desk. Brigitte's own eyes glowed with happiness. It wasn't a church wedding, but it had its own dignity, its own beauty. It was perfect.

And then the door opened suddenly and the newsmen burst in. Cameras flashed in all directions. Jacques' mother gave a startled scream. Brigitte stood up, furious. "You *promised!*" she cried.

No one paid any attention.

Jacques' brother tugged at his sleeve. "Look!" he shouted, pointing. Jacques stared. Another group was climbing in the window! He leaped from his seat and ran to slam the shutters in their faces.

At the door, the police were trying to push the photographers and reporters out again. One eluded the *gendarmes* and gained the middle of the room, pointing his

camera at Brigitte. It was more than she could bear, to be tricked and insulted and have her wedding ruined. "No, I don't want my picture taken," she sobbed. Her father crossed the room swiftly and grabbed the camera out of the man's hand. "Do you want your face bashed in?" he demanded.

The photographer reached for the camera. Brigitte, with a cry, tried to pull her father back. The rest of the wedding party was berating the mayor for not providing enough police. One or two of the newsmen were laughing at the ludicrous scene.

And then, above the shouting and the laughter and the scuffling that were Brigitte Bardot's wedding music, another sound was heard. Heard, and noted—and it brought the rest of the racket to a sudden, shamed silence.

It was the sound of a woman sobbing for a broken dream. It was Brigitte, who could not see the humor of the scene, somehow, weeping for the wedding she had wanted.

Abruptly, one of the cameramen turned on his heel and pushed his way out the door. Shame-faced, others followed. Looking back, the last thing they saw was Brigitte, her head bowed, being led into a side office, until she could control herself again.

The last newsman out the door heard Jacques, his arm around Brigitte's shaking shoulders, murmuring, "Honey, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters but *us*. We are getting married, that's all that counts. . . ."

But even the reporter knew that it *did* matter, that something precious had been very close to being destroyed.

Eventually, it was over. The wedding party left the civic hall to lunch quietly at the Bardots' near-by summer home. While the family and guests, their spirits fully recovered, ate heartily and washed the excellent food down with champagne, Brigitte lay thoughtfully on a chaise longue, eating little, looking around with eyes that still showed traces of tears. On the edge of her chaise, Jacques sat. In one hand, he held a champagne glass; with the other he rubbed Brigitte's bare toes, occasionally bending down to plant a kiss on them. "Are you all right?" he asked anxiously over and over. "Are you tired?"

"No," Brigitte said finally. "But let's get away soon, Jacques. I want to be alone with you. . . ."

They had planned to spend their honeymoon at Brigitte's Paris apartment, and they did spend their wedding night, and the next one, there. But after the fiasco of her marriage ceremony, Paris was suddenly hateful to Brigitte. She wouldn't leave the apartment, and at the same time she complained of feeling shut in. On the second day, she and Jacques turned up unexpectedly at the Bardots' home.

The chaperoned honeymoon

"We wanted to tell you," Brigitte explained, "we're going back to St. Tropez. I'll feel much better there."

Her parents looked at her worriedly, then at each other. "I think, then," her father said, "we had better come with you."

Now it was the newly-weds' turn to stare. "We—we'd love to have you," Jacques said finally. "But—on our honeymoon—?"

"On your honeymoon," his father-in-law said firmly, "I'm afraid you need some protection. I presume that as usual you two haven't been reading the papers, right? Then—you don't know what's going on."

For the second time in a matter of weeks, Brigitte and Jacques had a paper pushed into their hands. And this time, the headlines could not be laughed off:

HASTY MARRIAGE CONFIRM'S BB'S PREGNANCY! PICTURES TO BE POSTPONED!



Cream hair away the beautiful way...

with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of nasty razor stubble! *Always* to neaten underarms, *everytime* to smooth legs to new smoother beauty, and *next time* for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the *beautiful* way.

Neet

"How can they be so cruel?" Brigitte murmured at last. "Why?"

"They've been all over the place," her father said heavily. "One paper phoned your mother today."

Brigitte looked up. "What did you say, Mama?"

"I told them the truth, of course. I said I knew nothing at all about your being pregnant, but I certainly hoped you'd have lots of babies. That's what marriage is for, isn't it? All right?"

"All right," Brigitte said, smiling faintly. And turning to Jacques, she added, "It sounds terrible, but maybe they're right. We *will* need other people to help us in St. Tropez. . . ."

The party that finally embarked on Brigitte Bardot Charrier's honeymoon consisted of herself and husband, her mother, father and grandmother, her sister Mijanou—and, because he and Mijanou refused to be parted, Sascha Distel, Brigitte's ex-fiance!

The papers got a lot of laughs out of that, too.

Privacy for love

And, at first, so did Brigitte and Jacques. Then, after a few days in the crowded villa, it wasn't so funny anymore. "Every time I kiss you," Jacques complained one evening, "someone bumps into us and I feel I have to leap and say, 'It's all right, she's my wife.' "

"I know," Brigitte sighed. "But Daddy's been wonderful about keeping reporters out so we can have some privacy. . . ."

"Privacy for *what*? To play guitar duets with your old boy friend? Checkers with your grandmother? I want privacy to make love to my bride!"

"I know, I know," Brigitte whispered. "I'll tell you what—tonight, late—we'll go out on the beach, just the two of us. We won't tell anyone. All right?"

"You bet it's all right," Jacques agreed, his face buried in her hair.

So that night, feeling like a couple of kids on a forbidden date, they sneaked out of the villa and down the sand. They walked so close together that from a little distance they made one silhouette—which, for once, there was no one to see. They walked the way Brigitte has always loved to walk with Jacques since they fell in love—his arm over her shoulder. hers around his waist, legs moving together. Brigitte spread out a blanket and they lay on it, watching the stars, talking softly, pausing from moment to moment to kiss. After a while Brigitte murmured, "It's so warm. We could go swimming. . . ."

"We didn't bring suits," Jacques said.

For a moment they were silent. Then Brigitte's laugh rang out, silvery in the silence. "But we're *married!*" she said joyfully.

Laughing, they took off their clothes and ran down to the water.

When they came out, they were still laughing, and shivering a little in the Mediterranean breeze. They used the sandy blanket to dry themselves, giggling when the wind blew Brigitte's wet hair onto Jacques' face—and then, suddenly, Jacques became very serious.

"Brigitte," he said, "I want to ask you something—something very important to me. You mustn't think it means I criticize you for the past. I don't, believe me. I don't think there was anything wrong in your—well, in your showing your body in the movies. You wanted a career and you deserved to have it. But now—now you belong to me. I'd like to think you won't do that any more. I'd like you to—to promise me."

He stood turned away from her, almost as if he were ashamed. And then Brigitte reached out and ran her fingers softly through his hair. "Oh, Jacques," she said gently, "I'm glad you asked me. Of course I promise you. Of course."

It was a perfect night. They had two more like it, and two days almost as wonderful, when all of St. Tropez could see Brigitte and her husband, oblivious to stares and whispers, walking arm in arm, stumbling sometimes because they were too busy looking at each other to watch their feet, pausing to kiss on street corners and in cafes, unable to keep from touching each other's arms and hair and fingers, smiling as if the world had somehow melted away and left them alone.

Only, of course, it hadn't. When the two days were over, it made its presence felt again.

Brigitte's studio sent a telegram to tell her that due to her pregnancy, they were moving the start of her next picture, *Will You Dance With Me?* up three weeks, so they could shoot all her scenes before she began to show! For the second time that summer, Brigitte forgot her prejudice against telephones long enough to make a frantic phone call to Paris.

"I am *not* pregnant!" she insisted, over and over. "And it is terrible of you to suggest that I, a bride of scarcely a week, *would* be!"

"Well," the man on the other end said, "we heard you were secretly married a month ago. . . ."

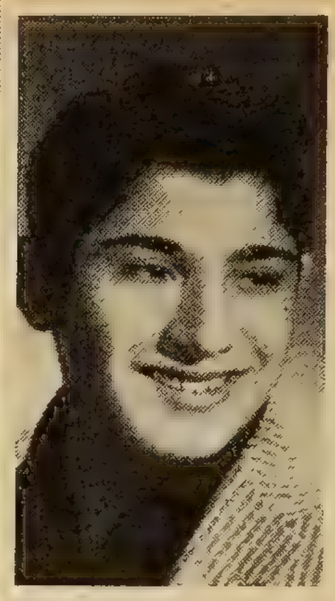
"Then why would I get married again?"

"Can't understand that myself," the man admitted. "But you must've read what your director told the newspapers—got it right here—uh, quote, *I'm not saying anything about Brigitte's state of health, but I feel it would be safer to start the picture earlier,* unquote. And Raoul Levy insisted on canceling your appearance at the Moscow premiere of *Babette*. . . ."

Brigitte struck her forehead with one hand. "How can I prove it to you?" she fumed. "I'm *not* pregnant!"

"Well," the man offered, "you could take a rabbit test!"

"On my honeymoon?" Brigitte screamed. She slammed the phone down and burst into tears of outrage. A rabbit test—if she took it, the world would think she, too, admitted the possibility. Never—never!



PAUL ANKA

I've probably been luckier than most when they handed out parents—but, man, there've been times my parents' worrying even worried me! I figured if they didn't worry, it wouldn't be normal. Just like the article in **INGENUE** *says: parents are the world's worst worriers, but it's only because they care so much. And three cheers for that!*

But after two more days of hounding, a weary Jacques phoned Paris to say his exhausted wife had given in.

On the way home from the laboratory, Brigitte was tight-lipped and pale. But she smiled at her husband as she walked in the door. "Our wedding was a shambles because of my being famous. Now they are making a mess of our honeymoon. I want you to know, Jacques—taking this test is my wedding present to you. I am buying peace and quiet for the rest of our honeymoon with it. . . ."

The result of the test, of course, was negative. The studio calmed down. The starting date of the movie was set back where it belonged. The papers printed the truth—though not in the headlines they had given to the lie. The reporters remembered other celebrities in the neighborhood. Mama and Papa Bardot began to talk of going home to Paris—and taking the rest of the family with them.

And then in the middle of a quiet night, Jacques sat up suddenly in bed. "Brigitte," he cried out. "Brigitte—help me—"

Brigitte flicked a light switch. Her husband was doubled over. His forehead was covered with sweat and his lips were blue. Brigitte reached out to him and found his whole body was shaking.

"Mama!" she shrieked. "Come quick!"

They took Jacques to the hospital in an ambulance, with Brigitte crouched beside him, holding tightly to his hand. Within an hour, he was operated on for acute appendicitis.

Hours later, Jacques came out of the anesthetic in a darkened, quiet room. His eyes focussed slowly—finally he made out the form of his wife, sitting beside his bed, crying silently in deep, heavy sobs. Slowly, Jacques turned his head to see her better.

"Don't cry," he whispered.

Instantly, Brigitte was bending over him. "Oh, Jacques. Oh, darling. . . ."

"I know why you're unhappy," he whispered painfully. "You went through . . . so much . that test . . . everything . . . so we could have the rest . . . of the honeymoon . . . in peace. And now. . . ." One hand moved feebly. "Now, it is spoiled because of this."

For a moment Brigitte stared at him through streaming eyes. Then suddenly she picked up the limp hand and pressed it to her lips. "Oh, Jacques," she murmured. "Oh, darling, that's so wrong. I'm crying because you're going to be all right, you're going to get well, my love. And for the rest of it—for the honeymoon—why should I cry about that? What does it matter how the next few weeks are when we have a whole lifetime together?"

She knelt down by the side of his bed and put her cheek to his hand. "Jacques," she murmured, "do you remember those three —those three wonderful nights of ours, on the beach at St. Tropez?"

Yes, he remembered.

"Those were our true honeymoon," Brigitte whispered. "No one can ever take those away from us. And Jacques—no one can ever change this, either."

There was a light sound behind her. A nurse stood in the doorway. "You must go now. Your husband must sleep."

Brigitte stood up. The nurse was right. Jacques' eyes were already closing, his mouth was peaceful. She smiled down at her sleeping husband. She would leave now. Later, she would came back. Later, Jacques would be awake, would be recovering, would be well. And then—

Then the honeymoon would begin. **END**

Brigitte is in United Artists' A Woman Like Satan; Will You Dance With Me?, *Victorine Studios;* Babette Goes to War, *Columbia.*

ED. NOTE: *As we go to press, it looks like the baby BB had hoped for 'someday' may be a reality several months from now.*

The Taming of Steve McQueen

(*Continued from page 32*)

had committed him, at fourteen, because "we can't control the boy." Everyone, including his parents, had always told Steve McQueen over and over that he was a bad egg and headed for no good. He was beginning to believe it.

Now he knew what to expect. He'd pay in bruises and blood for the demerits his cottage got from that runaway. Or would he? Suddenly frustration, resentment at being unwanted, the deep running bitterness at his world boiled over.

"I went pure ape—berserk," Steve says, flushing at the memory. He lashed out with fists, knees, elbows, feet. One tormentor cracked his skull on the tile. One went down with broken ribs. Another gushed on the hot water tap as he fell. The last ran to get attendants to tame Steve, and to carry the rest to the infirmary.

Then Steve was standing defiantly before the superintendent, a big, powerful man who kept a thick churn paddle drilled with holes for just such cases. When it hit, nasty red spots puffed up. Steve McQueen had felt that pain. He knew what to expect.

"But I didn't give a damn," he remembers. "At that point I didn't care about anything or anybody, including myself. The guys wouldn't talk to me. No one, not even my folks, ever came to see me. I hated everything and everybody. If someone had handed me a gun I'd have shot it to kill."

But the superintendent didn't reach for his stick. Instead, he said quietly, "Steve, let's take a walk."

Turning point

The walk and the talk lasted two hours. "He told me all about myself," says Steve McQueen. "From my viewpoint, on my level. He made me understand what made me the way I was and what my family was doing to me. He told me what I could do about it." The rest of his stretch there wasn't a rumble for Steve McQueen at the Boys' Republic. He was elected governor of his cottage and given a team to drive, a big honor. He left with something of value.

"That talk was the big turning point for me," Steve believes. "I was walking the raw edge and I could have gone either way—right or wrong. I could be in prison today. I could even have swung on a rope."

By going right, even though it was a long, rough road for him, Steve McQueen is in Hollywood, riding high as a top TV star, playing Randall in *Wanted—Dead or Alive.* Right now he's breaking big in movies teamed with Frank Sinatra in *Never So Few* at MGM, with a contract for more. He'll drag in $100,000 this year. High up on Lookout Mountain, Steve owns a neat modernistic pad with a sweeping view, the prettiest black-eyed wife, Neile, that you ever saw and, since last May, a doll-baby daughter, Terry. He's got an Alaskan husky pup to run, a Porsche to race, work he likes, and money in the bank.

Most important, Steve has faith in himself, at last, because people have faith in him. He's got a sense of belonging, self respect and self importance, and a solid, seasoned slant on Steve McQueen that won't bend with success or sweet talk.

"I'm not educated, but I know myself," is the way Steve puts it. "I know I'm basically a good person. But I also know there's some of the evil still left in me.

I still resent what happened to me and why it happened. I have to keep choking that back down."

Nobody argues much with Hollywood prophets who predict that Steve McQueen's set to explode with greatness one of these days soon, like Marlon Brando did, like Jimmy Dean. Personally, though, most tag him a beatnik, a kookie, far out guy, from Endsville. They're crazy. Steve talks the jazz, okay; usually he slobs it up in his dress, and he's plenty hip. But he isn't beat. While Steve has taken his beatings, he's also dished them out. From pure habit, he'd still just as soon slug you as look at you. He can't stand anyone to touch him, he hates parties and crowds. He's no cultist; he's a lone wolf, unclassified and sometimes, it seems, maybe too much his own man for his own good. Steve fights a flash temper that still kicks up rumbles.

Not long ago Steve was stopped by a cop for a ticket he figured he didn't deserve. When the cop demanded his license, Steve whipped out his wallet and heaved it in his face. In New York, strolling with Neile, some guys in a passing car whistled admiringly. Steve chased them two blocks, dragged them out and forced an apology at knuckle point. Only the other week when Terry arrived, McQueen raced out, bought $25 worth of roses for Neile and charged into Cedars of Lebanon hospital. The floor nurse stopped him. "You can't see your wife now," she snapped. "And you can't take those flowers into the maternity ward!" Steve flipped her aside. "Try and stop me," he said.

A killer after dough

Even Steve's TV year as Josh Randall has been one long week-to-week hassle. Steve signed for the western serial only because the script made him a ruthless bounty hunter. They squawked first when he picked out his shabby coat and shapeless hat and made sweat and dirt his make-up. He's never stopped slashing the script when writers try to moralize, justify or pretty him up. "The West was wild and those guys were mean. Josh is no Galahad. He's a killer after dough. I'm playing him straight," he tells them, "or not at all." Right now Steve's feuding with MGM because they're trying to get him to stop sports-car road racing, afraid he'll kill himself and wreck a picture. They might as well command Steve to stop breathing.

"Look," he fires back, "I'm no neurotic trying to bump myself off. But I've got to have an outlet. What do you want me to do—chase women or booze it up? I don't drink and I've got a beautiful wife I love. I've got to relax someway and if I don't when I race, then I crash—see?"

With Steve McQueen, racing, like acting and living, is an art where you play it straight down the line and the only thing to fear is fear itself. That's never been his problem. "Once in New York I stood on my hands on a narrow neon sign five stories over the street in a high wind to win a ten-buck bet," Steve recalls. "Why? I needed the ten bucks." It never occurred to him that he'd kill himself. "People don't believe me," he complains, "when I say I don't give a damn. But I don't. I really don't care. I never have."

Maybe that's part of the 'evil' that Steve McQueen admits hangs over from a past when nobody cared much about him, either. Maybe, too, it's because the dad he never knew was pretty much the same breed of cat, and his kid got the genes.

Not until four years ago, when, curious, he did some tracing, did Steve McQueen know one illuminating fact about his old man. When Steve was a kid, his mother, Julian, never mentioned his name. She lives in California today but they aren't exactly chummy and most of what Steve's learned he's uncovered on his own. It's still pretty skimpy but there's enough to prove that Bill McQueen packed the same go-to-hell, heads on, reckless streak that his son, Steve, does.

Steve's old man

Bill was a flier, piloting rickety crates with joy sticks back in the post-Lindy days. He did barrel rolls and Immelmans in circuses, barnstormed, crop-dusted and hedge-hopped wherever there was a buck to be made. Julian Crawford met and married him in St. Louis. They moved to Indiana where, in Beach Grove, Stephen Terence McQueen showed up one 'gloomy Sunday,' March 24, 1930. Bill McQueen named his cub after a one-armed pal who ran a racer's garage in Indianapolis. Six months later Bill flew off—and never came back. He was killed in China, with Chennault's Flying Tigers, in 1939.

By that time Steve McQueen was a runty, corn-tassel-topped little rube knocking around a farm out in Slater, Missouri. His mother took him there when he was two, "because, I guess, she had no place else to go," figures Steve. The Depression was dragging rock bottom; there weren't any jobs Julian McQueen could find to support her kid. Julian was only twenty; she'd married at eighteen. She was still restless for her own life and she hated being trapped on the farm. With Steve it was yes and no.

His great-uncle, C. W. Thompson, owned the spread—1000 acres of prime corn and cattle land. Claude Thompson was a respected figure around Slater. An ancestor, Col. Piker Thompson, had straggled back from Mexico and helped found Slater. So Claude was 'people.' He was the closest thing Steve McQueen ever had to a real father. But he was also stern, with a granitized conviction that hard work never hurt any boy. Steve earned his grits and grease doing back-breaking man's work from the time his knobby knees could hold him up.

"Sometimes I'd see the cows lying down in the snow," remembers Steve, "and I'd flop on one, hug her to keep warm, and catch a few winks. I was always so tired I could sleep on a rock or out in a hail storm." He hit the sack with the chickens but he never got enough sleep.

The other ache was loneliness. There wasn't a kid within miles to play with and Steve's farmhouse talk with his mother and dour uncle was mostly in words of one syllable. Between chores Steve could splash on hot days in the muddy pond, until the cottonmouth moccasins chased him out. He dangled worms for perch and chased rabbits with a mangy hound. His uncle Claude taught him to handle a shotgun, but he had to produce.

"He'd give me just one shell," says Steve. "If I didn't bring back two doves with it, I was through. I foxed him once. I knew doves roosted in an old silo, so I snuk out there one evening, stuck the barrel inside and blasted up. Nine tumbled down. Old Claude never could figure out how I got those nine birds with one shotgun shell!"

Loner

Steve walked four miles to school and four miles home, in all kinds of weather. He didn't mind the hike but he hated the school. "It was just a hick school, all grades in one room with a woman teacher. She bugged me and I bugged her." Steve McQueen was chronically being sent home, or kept after classes. He was always standing in a corner, sent to write apologies on the blackboard, getting stinging whacks with a ruler. When the kids guffawed he hated them. His loneliness had already made him anti-social. "I couldn't get along. Even then I knew I was different," Steve says. "The other kids knew it, too."

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Kids his own size soon ducked him but the big boys made it hot. One morning, a raw-boned clodhopper named Gus got him down, rubbed his face in the dirt and hammered him black and blue. That lunch hour Steve jogged the four miles to the farm, grabbed a steel bit he used on the mules and ran back to Gus. He split his head open with the weapon and they had to get a doctor.

Love, sympathy, understanding—a big dose of each—those are the things a brooding kid like Steve McQueen needed to set him right, long before reform school could. Instead, he usually got, "You're turning out just like your father. . . ." And, when he was thirteen, Steve got a stepfather he couldn't take.

Steve's mom, Julian, used to take off from the farm when she had the chance. "I suppose I can't blame her too much," Steve muses. "She had me pretty young. My own dad was gone and I was a stone around her neck, I guess. I think she tried as hard as she could to raise me right. I guess she thought I needed a stepfather, I wanted a dad, God knows. Unfortunately, I didn't get the right one."

Cruel Stepfather

He was a man named Berri, who made decals for a living. Julian met and married him on a trip to California. They came to the farm to pick up Steve. Steve glared at the stranger in sullen mistrust. He got the same look in return. They clashed with their first words.

"Well, kid, now you're Steve Berri."

"I'm Steve McQueen."

"It's Berri—don't forget it."

So he was Steve Berri. Steve despised the new name and all that went with it. Especially what he bitterly considered a theft of the skimpy security he owned, his mother. Los Angeles was sunny and warm. But Steve knew from the start of his new home that he was out in the cold. Julian was anxious to make a go of her marriage. Steve was the rock in the oyster, the shadow on the wall. He felt it and resented it. He wanted to belong but the fence was up. He batted angrily against it.

Then one night his stepdad knocked him down a flight of stairs. At the bottom, Steve picked himself up. "If you lay a hand on me again," he gritted, "I'll kill you!" And everybody there knew he meant it. Pretty soon the papers were signed and Steve was in the Boys' Republic, labeled incorrigible. While Steve was there, his folks moved to New York, to a better job for Berri. No one came to tell Steve goodbye.

Steve McQueen was fifteen when he got out of reform school. He knew he could never live with his folks again. From now on his future was Steve's own show—but what show and where did he fit in? "The only thing I could figure to do was start looking," says Steve.

First, he went back to his uncle's farm in Missouri. But that just planted a forlorn, empty ache in his belly. He bummed on to New York, drawn by a magnet he couldn't explain: somehow he had to see his mother. But that didn't work either. He kicked around the slums of Greenwich Village for a while doing odd jobs, sleeping and eating where and when he could. He met a man named Ed, who was rustling odd jobs, like himself, for the booze he loved. But Steve hit it off with Ed. "He could make me laugh." Ed held bosun's mate's papers.

"Get me on a boat, Ed," begged Steve McQueen, "going somewhere—anywhere."

Ed faked Steve's age and they climbed aboard a T-2 tanker bound for the Dominican Republic to load molasses. The boat stank, the food was lousy, the mate mean. At El Romana Ed said, "Let's jump this tub." They had barely a buck between them and no pay till New York. But they hooked fifty cartons of cigarettes from the locker, wrapped them in oilskin slickers and swam to the beach that night. They used the American cigarettes like cash in El Romana, and Ed knew a place to bunk —a dark, shuttered house that wasn't exactly a home. When police stalked through it one night Ed knew how to dodge. But they netted Steve along with the girls. He had no visible means of support.

Get out of town

"Juzcado," they told him. "Jail, keed—or maybe you leave thees town, yes?" Steve found a lucky berth on a freighter to Corpus Christi, Texas, and jumped it there. 'Gracie's Woodyard' was down by the waterfront. It wasn't a woodyard. Steve worked there for six months. He ran errands, helped out in rumbles and checked receipts. It was a way to eat and when you're fifteen, stranded and hungry and nobody cares, you aren't choosy. But one day Steve's stomach heaved. He snatched his pay from Gracie's till and grabbed a bus for New York and back to the Village.

It was a crazy place with crazy people doing crazy things, he thought sometimes. But they did what they wanted to do. A cold, dead spot inside Steve McQueen warmed and tingled. Maybe he could be that way, too. Maybe. He found a cheap pad and roamed restlessly around, day and night, looking and listening. He nursed a dime beer in smoky cellars and heard characters spout poetry, watched them paint, sing, play music, act, write. This was all new to Steve McQueen. It made him feel high as a kite one minute, low as a snake's belly the next. *I can't do any of these things,* he told himself in the high spots, *but somewhere in this world I belong. I know I do. I get this message.* Other times, on the docks getting a rare crumb at the longshoreman's shape-up, or twisting artificial flowers on Third Avenue at twenty cents an hour to keep alive, he thought, *What the hell—I'm no damn', ignorant good!* and the old goof-off fever seized him. Steve was this way on his seventeenth birthday. That day he impulsively joined the Marines.

Steve was still feeling mean when he hit boot camp at Parris Island. Drill sarges were driving the boots along as they dropped off the train: "All right—move, move, move!" They swung swagger sticks with bullets crimped on the ends. Steve dropped his bag and stopped to pick it up. He caught the lead tip back of his ear and it hurt. He whirled, straightened up, and knocked the sarge cold.

Others snapped up and braced him. Said one, "Son, you're gonna find the Marines very interesting. Yeah—*very* interesting!"

"Listen, Buster," he snarled with that old, trapped, murderous feeling, "after what I've been through, it'll be a joy ride. I'll take anything you can dish out!"

They could dish it out.

They made him sand decks with a brick until his fingers bled and he couldn't straighten up. They marched him into the swamps. They put twelve rifles in his bunk and made him sleep on them. The fourth day he was there the drill instructor told him, "You're invited to a smoker."

"What's that?" Steve wanted to know.

"It's a party."

"Do I have to go?"

"Yeah—you sign this here R.S.V.P."

Steve signed for a scrap, although he didn't know it.

"Pretty tough"

That Wednesday night they laced gloves on him and shoved him into the ring with a top boxer, set to cut him to ribbons. Steve didn't know how to box but he knew how to fight. At the final bell they had to pull McQueen off the battered guy.

Soon after an ape of a Leatherneck with the biggest hands Steve had ever seen blocked him on the drill grounds.

"I hear you're pretty tough."

"I ain't tough—" began Steve.

"Let's see—" and the big fist smashed his mouth. Steve went down—and up—ten times before he couldn't get up again. Later the same bully boy slugged an officer, went over the hill into the swamps, got shot with a riot gun and wound up in Leavenworth prison. As for Steve—finally the drill instructor told him, "Look, McQueen, you get clean with me, I'll get clean with you—okay?"

"Okay," said Steve, and after that it wasn't so bad.

Steve McQueen was a Leatherneck for three years. He had trouble from time to time. But he wound up a hero.

Funny part, Steve was in the doghouse again right before the big landing operation on the coast of Labrador. He'd been caught swiping food with his Italian twin buddies, Dom and Paul Bontempi. For punishment, a warrant officer who hated Steve's guts canceled their liberties in New York after the big show. They were all plenty mad about that. Steve was an amtrack driver by then and he herded it expertly ashore, then happened to look back. Some LST's had dropped their treads on sandbars and got stuck. Thirty-foot waves were slamming over them. Some guys had already drowned.

But one squad was still huddled on top of their tank, set to die like trapped rats unless somebody dragged them in. Officers called for volunteers, but Steve had already wheeled his amtrack around. It was ticklish: if he slammed down on those guys he'd squash them. He eased up close, gunned his motor to 300 rpm and teetered in the pounding surf. Then he climbed down with a rope. It broke and he snugged it again. Miraculously, his legs didn't get caught in the churning grousers. The Lord had his arm around that whole gang and Steve. He pulled them in.

The tough warrant officer called him in after that. "If there's another war you come to me," he growled. "I want to put you up for officer's training." Steve and Dom and Paul got their liberties. Private McQueen got a citation, too (although he won't admit it) for bravery beyond the call of duty in the USMC.

"Ah—" he scoffs today. "I was stupid to do a thing like that." And he follows with a lie, "I'd never do it now."

$4300 poker game

Steve checked out of the Marines in 1950 with a $1600 stake. The night he was discharged he lost that whole roll in a poker game. But Dom and Paul Bontempi gave him fifty dollars apiece and he got back in. By morning he cashed in his chips for $4300. On the bus up to Washington, Steve stuffed all his Marine clothes into a seabag and heaved it out the window. He felt better.

But in Washington Steve blew the $4300 in three months. He bummed to Texas to recoup as a 'grunt' in the oilfields. When he had enough dough he headed straight for New York and the Village again. "I always believed there was something there for me, if I could only find it," says Steve. "Sounds crazy, but I knew there was some kind of artist hanging around inside of me." It took three years for Steve McQueen to make that artist's acquaintance.

Steve's pad at the time was a tiny room back of the Circle-in-the-Square Theater. He lived there because it cost three dollars a month, not because he dug the drama particularly. But actresses who dashed in there between scenes to change their costumes—sometimes dug Steve. And sometimes they came back after the show. One,

whose name you'd know today, got to liking McQueen a lot.

"Steve," she said one night, "you know, you'd make a great actor."

He laughed in her face. "You kidding?"

"No," she said, "I'm not. You ought to go to school."

School was still a dirty word to Steve. He mumbled that he'd quit that jazz after eighth grade. But he stayed awake most of that night. And that week he found himself standing suspiciously before Coach Sanford Meisner at the Neighborhood Playhouse, where the girl took him.

"Let's just talk," said Sandy Meisner. Sandy knows talent when he sees it; he's trained the best, including Joanne Woodward. He looked beneath Steve's tough crust. Sold, he sold Steve. "He was the first man who ever really thought I'd amount to something," says Steve. "He made me feel ten feet tall. That day I knew what the answer was."

Cave man

What Sanford Meisner saw in Steve was a completely uninhibited young male who simmered with the raw juices of life. At the Neighborhood he realized them but was careful not to dilute them. "My biggest asset today," Steve McQueen thinks, "is that I don't look, talk or act like an actor." Starting out, Steve sometimes acted like a cave man.

Meisner eased him in doing improvisation with a girl partner. They worked up a swell make-believe argument and she slapped Steve's face. Before he could catch himself he slugged her. Then, shocked at what he'd done, Steve bolted out of the school and roamed the Village miserably thinking they'd never let him back. Instead, they hunted him up and told him the truth: nobody was sore—only the girl's jaw.

Steve's G.I. Bill handled the tuition; for his chow and pad he drove a post-office truck after class from 6:30 till 2:30 a.m. He still had enough steam to romance through the starry-eyed student chicks like a fox through a henhouse. By his second year Steve McQueen was the fair-haired boy at the Neighborhood Playhouse, in more ways than one. He caught the juvenile lead in *Time Out For Ginger* for seven months on the road. He hit TV characters big, and Jack Garfein, Carroll Baker's director husband, grabbed him for *The Geep*. That one didn't make Broadway but Steve was so hot that two cast members, Gary Merrill and Don Hanmer, plugged him for the Actor's Studio. Steve got in on his first try, one of five out of two thousand hopefuls that year. Lee Strasberg and Elia Kazan flipped for his style, and when Ben Gazzara left *A Hatful of Rain* to make a movie, they aced Steve in to replace. He played seven months on the Big Street and got a name for himself.

But in all those months the best show for Steve McQueen took place one night in Downey's Steak House, 'a poor man's Sardi's' near the St. James Theater. Steve was stoking spaghetti there with the *Hatful 'Mafia'*—Ben Gazzara, Mike Gazzo and Frank Corsaro—when he looked up and dropped the whole gob, sauce and all.

The cutest, prettiest, dark-eyed doll he'd ever seen bounced right toward him, laughing—and right on past. Steve is a man of action. He knocked over a couple of tables catching up, introduced himself and said, "Can I take you out sometime?"

The breathtaker was Neile Adams. She's Mrs. McQueen today, of course. Then, she was a fast-rising young musical comedy starlet. In fact, she was rehearsing to take over Carol Haney's star part in *The Pajama Game*. Neile got Steve's message and sent it right back. "I think so," she smiled, "why not?"

But let Neile tell it: "Steve busted into my dressing room the next night. He had on a T-shirt, jeans and goggles. 'I'll pick you up after the show,' he said, and somehow I couldn't say no to a crusty character like that. But when I came out there he was on a motorcycle. He said to get on. I'd never been on a motorcycle."

They found plenty to talk about, Neile and Steve. In a way they were two of a kind. Neile had never known her father, either. He was a roving Englishman who left her mother, then was killed fighting in the Philippine hills during the war. Neile was born in Manila and her Spanish-Filipino mother was rich. But when the Japs came in they took everything, penned Neile in a starving, stinking concentration camp for almost three years. After that, she huddled in a bombed-out Manila apartment with six other families, separated by sheets for walls. When her mother built up a second fortune in war surplus, Neile went to an English school in Hong Kong, then to boarding school and college in the States. Like Steve, she'd hunted something she had to have on the stage. Trained by Katharine Dunham and Jack Cole, she'd already sung and danced in *The King and I*, in *Kismet*, in clubs, shows and on TV. The big break was in *Pajama Game*. But like Steve, Neile hadn't forgot what went before. She showed him a long scar on her leg where Jap shrapnel had ripped it open.

"You poor kid," Steve said. Then he was telling her about himself.

"*You* poor kid!" whispered Neile.

They were a team from then on. But neither wanted to get married; they both thought they weren't ready. That old realizer—separation—changed their minds.

Four months later, MGM called Neile to Hollywood for *This Could Be The Night*, and *Hatful of Rain* for Steve closed on Broadway. He turned down the road tour, but rattling around Manhattan without Neile was no good at all. He knew then what had to happen to him—marriage. But the word had a final, fettering sound that stirred up the old restlessness. He had to have one last fling.

Steve bought a new English cycle, roared down to Key West and hopped over to Cuba. He rambled all over the Island, sleeping in a bag on the beach, fishing the reefs and hunting the jungles. Skin diving, Steve busted an ear drum and got chased by a six-foot barracuda. Out shooting, he prowled too near a rebel fort and got nabbed as a spy. They took his rifle, money and bike and threatened him with a firing squad, but finally let him go. Steve hiked into Santiago, peddled his sleeping bag and wired Neile for getaway money. Back in New York he put in a call to Hollywood.

"I'm coming out," he told Neile.

"What for?"

"You," said Steve McQueen.

Tight little corporation

The wedding was three years ago, come this November 2. By now Neile and Steve McQueen are a tight little corporation. But, with two careers in the family, there've been some problems. In fact, the first year was pretty rugged.

Neile signed on at the Tropicana in Las Vegas and got stuck for twenty-four weeks in "that great big neon light." Steve shuttled between New York and Hollywood, TV and three movie jobs. He made good dough and so did Neile, unless you call $1500 a week peanuts. But they wouldn't stay apart again for a million. Sometimes, when he was West, Steve could fly to see his bride on week ends, most often he couldn't. "Man," he growls, "I almost went ape again!"

But Steve finally latched on to his steady job as *Josh Randall*—and grinding that series out, with episodes back-to-back for a year, has kept the McQueens more or less

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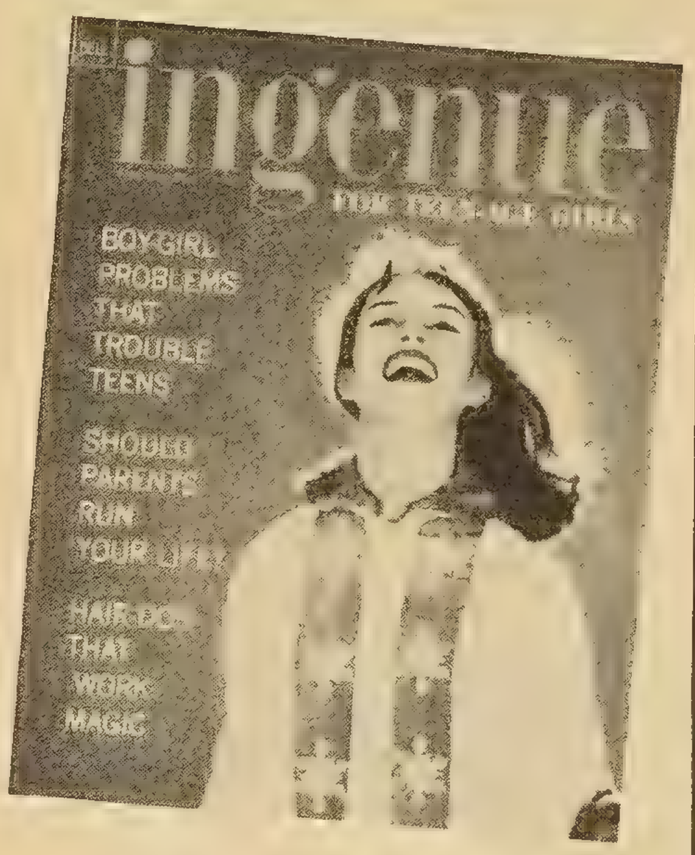
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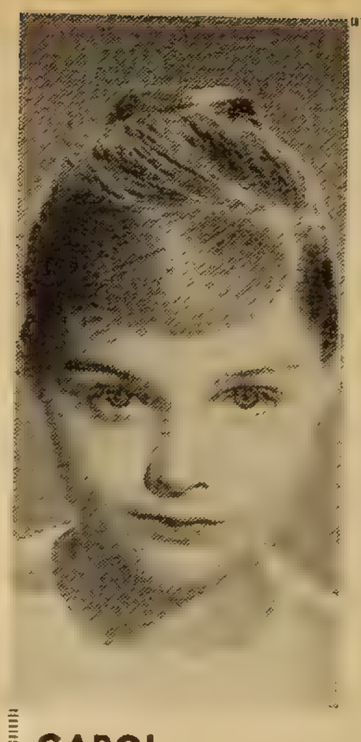
put. Neile's last job was doing *At the Grand* with Paul Muni on the stage last September. All was well in Los Angeles when it opened, but in San Francisco the footlights started swimming around. A doctor told her why. Steve has been such a fussy, happy father since Terry arrived that Neile calls him Mother McQueen.

Today the *real* Mother McQueen would like to "get back in shape to dance—that is, after we have two more—because I like to work. But," smiles Neile, "I really don't care any more. All I want is to be happy with Steve."

Being happy with McQueen means sleeping eighteen hours at a stretch—or not going to bed at all. It means downing hamburgers and shakes any time Steve's hungry and feeding him fast when he gets up grumpy so he won't bite your head off. It means being ready to take off almost anywhere almost any time. It means skipping Hollywood parties, but yakking with Steve's racing pals at night, hiking into the hills at dusk to knock over tin cans with a .22. It means buying him nice clothes and watching him slob them up. It means trying to make order out of chaos in the family bookkeeping and sneaking money for the savings account before Steve blows it on a boat or a new sports racer. It means reading books together, hearing endless records, planning round-the-world junkets. It means solid, satisfying love. And it means closing your eyes and fighting back chilling fear when he's racing and hits the turns.

Steve tells her, "Look—three people were killed in sports car racing last year—and three thousand on the highways. I got seven tickets the year before I started racing and none since. I don't want to die any more than anyone else. But it's something I've got to have, something aesthetic, something gentling, something real."

Neile knows Steve's right, because by now she knows the man she married, inside and out. He has to have excitement around



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CAROL LYNLEY

him, a challenge and some danger, too, to keep him calm, because that's what he grew up on. At the same time, nobody needs warm love and tenderness more. Because, that's what Steve missed and hungered for—and that's where Neile and Terry come in.

Around his neck, racing or not, Steve wears a gold St. Christopher that Neile gave him their first Christmas. On the back is engraved, *To part is to die a little.*

There was a time when Steve McQueen didn't care whom he met or whom he parted from, and often whether he lived or died. But that's gone with the dark times. The light switched on for Steve when he found the priceless thing he needed and never had.

"Steve's not just my husband," says Neile, taking his hand in hers. "He's my best friend." **END**

Steve co-stars in NEVER SO FEW *for MGM.*

"I'm Not Afraid of Sex"

(Continued from page 48)

Sometimes my father—who was also an entertainer—had the identical hours. Other times he left earlier and I went home by myself after the last show, usually about eleven at night. I wasn't scared by the dark, nearly deserted streets. Usually I stopped for a cup of coffee at a drive-in at the top of the hill, not far from our house. That's what I did this particular night. I had a sandwich and a milkshake, then walked into the bar next door to listen to the music.

The strangest assortment of people would come to these jam sessions—gamblers, con men, girls of dubious reputations, the rich and the poor.

Still, I felt perfectly safe whenever I went there, which was frequent, because I knew the four men in the combo as well as the proprietor. All of them treated me like a kid sister and wouldn't let anybody bother me as I sat in a corner, by myself.

That night, one of the musicians came over to tell me about another engagement they had in a colorful dive in what was—and possibly still is—the shabbiest section of St. Louis. He asked if I wanted to go along. The idea sounded so intriguing that I accepted—and in the excitement completely forgot to call my parents.

The five of us plus their instruments crowded into one car and took off.

Twenty-five minutes later we pulled up in a dark street in front of a noisy little joint teeming with people, so many people that some of them just poured out through the front door. It seemed like this was going to be fun for me.

Johnny, the driver, who had asked me to go along, told the other fellows to go inside and get everything set up, while he parked the car. It was quite a walk from the parking lot so he asked me to wait for him outside the club.

No sooner had he pulled away when a huge, burly, mean-looking character approached—and propositioned me. When I turned away, he grabbed my arm and swung me around. I screamed. There must have been twenty people standing around, watching us. They were amused, but not disturbed. No one was willing to come to my aid. Obviously they mistook me for something I wasn't.

I kept struggling to get free while the man bodily dragged me into a back alley and ripped the blouse off my body. I screamed and tried to fight him off but that didn't stop him from tearing at me.

By the time Johnny raced up the alley, I was hysterical. My attacker, who must have been a foot taller than Johnny, could have knocked him cold. Instead, he turned slowly, and walked away. Johnny let him go, attending to me instead.

When he brought me home, my mother gave me the worst beating I ever had. She thought I was to blame because I went along with the men, and wanted to make sure I never got myself into another position like it.

You may wonder why, after such experiences, I didn't become afraid of men.

At least part of the answer dates back to my early environment, particularly a talk I had when I became conscious of the

subject of sex itself.

Naturally I was curious. But I didn't turn to my parents for an explanation. We had more of what I would call an independently close relationship, which meant every member of our family went his or her own way, but was always ready to help out any other member when the *need* arose. But we never just talked things over.

And so I turned to a wonderful man on the Show Boat, to whom I'd come for advice before. We called him The General. He seemed to have grown as old and as wise as the Mississippi itself.

He was standing on the top deck, leaning on the rail, all alone, when I approached with my problem. For a long time he simply gazed at the muddy river, groping for the right answer. Surely he realized that whatever he told me would have an effect for the rest of my life.

"Kathy, girl," he said at last, "maybe you won't get the full meaning of this right now. But try to think of sex as an expression of love, to many folks the ultimate and most beautiful expression." He paused for a moment before he continued. "It isn't always right and proper, and like everything else in life, it is often misinterpreted and sometimes misused. But don't you ever be ashamed of it, or frightened by it."

He was right. I didn't know what it meant—then. But I was learning.

There was a boy on the Show Boat, about my age, nine or ten. When the river was warm enough, the two of us would walk along the banks to a sandy spot, take off our clothes, and go swimming, just the way God made us. We didn't feel that there was anything wrong with it—till we were surprised one day by the wife of one of the stage hands. She promptly reported the incident to my mother.

When I got back, before I even closed the door I could tell I was in for a severe reprimand. Sure enough, Mom angrily demanded to know if I had gone swimming in the nude with this boy.

"Sure," I told her. "We always do on a nice day. . . ."

Mom quickly realized there was nothing bad, nothing wrong, nothing clandestine in our thoughts. We were just two children having fun. But she cautioned me not to do it again, "because it wasn't nice."

Now my curiosity was really aroused. I wanted to know what was 'right' and what was 'wrong,' and what we had done that she thought was so terrible. I asked Mom to explain, but she wouldn't, or couldn't.

In the long run it was once again the Show Boat environment that satisfied my growing curiosity as I got older. Gradually the frank talk began to take on new meanings. I didn't understand all the answers, but enough to know what it was all about.

In high school, I became very friendly with a very nice, very pretty young girl who lived near us. We often went to school together and occasionally double-dated, although because of my work I had little time to go out. We grew so friendly, I felt sure we had no secrets.

One day she disappeared. When I asked her parents about it, they were evasive. When I persisted they told me she was visiting friends in Kansas City.

It was a long visit. Eight months.

She looked pale and tired when she came back. I've never seen a more unhappy girl. She wouldn't date, wouldn't talk, avoided people, including me.

One afternoon, on the way home from school, I caught up with her. "Have I done anything to offend you?" I asked.

I saw the tears in her eyes before she looked away. For a while she was too choked to speak. But she did at last—about the baby she had in Kansas City, which she gave to an adoption agency. "I was afraid to tell you, Kathy. I didn't think you'd understand. . . ."

I did, and I didn't. It was such a waste, such an awful waste for a pretty girl to have ruined her life.

And still I didn't become afraid of sex. To me, it just wasn't worth it.

When I worked as a box-office girl at New York's Palace Theater, a middle-aged man stood across the street from my booth every night, watching.

After four days I became nervous. I told the manager about it. "It's your imagination," he assured me. "Forget it."

Sure enough, the next night he had disappeared—till I closed the booth and left the theater, about one in the morning. When I headed for the subway, he followed me.

I walked faster till I found a policeman. Frightened, I told him what was happening. He looked around, and saw no one save a drunk leaning against a wall. "Don't bother me," he burst out, turned, and walked away.

When I rushed down into the subway entrance, the man was behind me again, but he never came closer than ten feet—which was close enough. I got out on Fourteenth Street and ran all the way to my apartment, a couple of streets away. I never turned, never stopped.

I slammed the door behind me and locked it, then piled whatever furniture I could move in front of it.

A couple of minutes later I heard footsteps clomp up the steps to my third floor flat. They stopped right in front of my door.

I was panic stricken, yet helpless. There was no phone, no one to turn to for help.

The door lock turned, slowly, then slipped back into place. After that, nothing happened.

Seven frightening hours passed before I heard his steps head down the stairs. It was daylight, then.

I was never bothered by him again.

Sure I got a scare. But does this mean he was a sex maniac? I didn't know, and in a way, I didn't care. I was all right. Besides, I was confident that I could have defended myself. So in a way, the feeling of fear was no different from being afraid of any type of criminal. Certainly there was no reason to lose my faith in men!

Maybe it isn't just my early upbringing that has shaped my attitude toward life, and sex, but my love for people in general. I feel that, basically they are good. For every fellow who is trying to take advantage of a girl, forcefully or otherwise, there are a hundred decent men who treat a girl as a lady.

Moreover, I don't understand why the word 'sex' has become such a dirty, ugly label. I don't think it was meant to be that way. I'd like to believe it was meant to have the interpretation given to me by the General on the Mississippi showboat, when I was nine years old—that it's the ultimate expression of love, and as such should never be feared.

END

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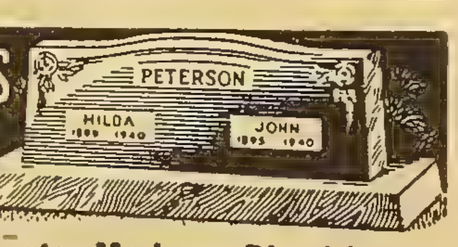
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Jack Parr's Third Marriage

(*Continued from page 35*)

of something stirring. "So I don't dance," he said. "It couldn't be worse than marching—"

The minute he walked through the front door of the hall, he saw her. She was slender, she was blonde, she had freckles on her nose. And he felt like the senior Henry James, who remarked of his wife, "The flesh said, 'It is for me,' and the spirit said, 'It is for me.'"

"What's your name?" he asked, and she said, "Miriam Wagner," and he said, "Do you think tomorrow is too soon to get married?" and she said yes, she did, how about a waltz, and he said he couldn't waltz. Or rhumba, or foxtrot, or bunny-hug, or two-step, for that matter. "But I'm a very good talker."

He started talking to her then, and he hasn't quit yet.

"Without her," he says, "I'd be nothing—"

The good life together

After sixteen and a half years of this marriage, he's still astonished by his luck. He wakes up in the morning and says hello, and she grins as though he's done something enormously clever. He sits by the pool in the afternoon, and she brings him a drink and tells him there'll be brook trout for dinner, and the worried look goes out of his eye for a minute. He gets home from work, tired as a fighter after fifteen rounds, and she's there with a cup of hot soup, and a beer, and later, they lie on their bed, in bath robes and bare feet, watching the show—now mostly taped—together.

In the old days, when the show was all live, and Jack didn't get out of the studio until after one in the morning, Miriam was no less dependable. She'd get up at two to fix his snack, she'd rehash the program with him, she'd weave that circle of warmth and light and peace which is her special gift to the complicated man who is her husband.

Sometimes, thinking back to the long, cold years before her, he shudders. His memories are grey. "I never had a childhood. I was born an old man."

The story begins in Canton, Ohio, on May 1, 1917. Jack's father, Howard Paar, was a railroad man; Jack's mother, Lillian Paar, was a strong woman who pretty much ran the family.

When Jack was five years old, his brother Robert was killed by an automobile. When Jack was ten, his best friend died. "I went to the funeral, and I didn't know what to do. My heart was breaking, and all I could think of was to break balloons through the service. Then I went home and bawled."

For Jack, the loneliness began early. Maybe caring hurt too much. Anyhow, even as a child, he sealed himself off from other people. At ten, he hung a sign on his bedroom door. *Keep Out,* it said. *This Means You.*

He'd hole up in that room, poring over biographies of great men, and when he did have to engage in contact with the outside world, he stuttered. Always strong-minded, he cured the stutter by filling his mouth with buttons, and reading out loud.

At fourteen, he developed tuberculosis, and was confined to bed for six months. Isolation, toward which he naturally gravitated, now took over. While he was ill, his father taught him about electronics. ("If I hadn't been an entertainer, I'd probably have invented television.") As soon as he got better, he found a job as office boy at a radio station in Jackson, Michigan. By the time he was sixteen, he'd quit high school and he'd left home.

He worked as a radio announcer, as a disc jockey, as a 'half-baked comedian' in half a dozen cities. He also married his first two wives. They were the same girl.

Jack's first two marriages

The saga of Irene, which is all the name she owns in any of the Paar biographical material, varies, depending on the source. In the *New York Post,* reporters have Jack working at a radio station in Youngstown, Ohio, when 'a very beautiful girl' came in looking for a job as a piano player.

The year was 1937, which would have made Jack twenty years old. In *Look* magazine, Jack himself gives another version of time and place. He says the radio station was WGAR in Cleveland, and he was sixteen.

"Some of the happiest times of my life were in Cleveland, and I met some of my best friends there. In fact, I got married twice—both times to the same girl. Her name was Irene. She was beautiful. She played the piano, and we met when she auditioned at the station. We were both too young for marriage, and it didn't work out. Our first divorce was my fault. The second, I felt, was her fault. We finally decided to quit while we were even."

Dig a little, and you discover Jack remembers more than he admits. He'd been wildly in love, and even after two years of marriage, and four months of divorce, he "couldn't stand living without her."

Blaming himself for the marriage failure, he convinced Irene she should give it a fresh chance, only to have the whole affair blow up in his face again. "There was another guy."

On the rare occasions when Jack Paar mentions Irene, he does so without bitterness. "She's remarried twice since then. I can't understand why. She came from a history of broken homes, and she always wanted a home of her own very badly—"

Now he can be compassionate. Then his world was shattered. It must have seemed to Jack that life was a series of betrayals and rejections. The deaths of his brother and his best friend, the desertion of the girl he'd married, these must have shaped the slightly cynical Jack Paar of today who says, "My old friends, they leave me, one by one. All I ask is that they don't kick me as they go."

Only with Miriam and their daughter Randy does Jack feel safe from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. And if it isn't slings and arrows, it's loud noises (he refers to neighborhood pranksters who make rackets outside his house as 'degenerates') or harsh mentions from newspaper critics (Jack fights back like a wounded lion). That he has a slight persecution complex seems evident. He who hates being exploited, finds himself in a terribly exploitable position. "I have no protection. I just wade in and get myself slugged. I can be conned easily. I cry easily. Tell me a touching story and I'm in tears. You can con me once. You even con me twice. You can't do it a third time."

Con man

In his day, Jack's done a bit of conning himself, if you want to come back to that fateful July of 1943 when he was wooing young Miriam Wagner. Miriam, who's been called a Hershey heiress so many times she's bored denying it (her granduncle, a multimillionaire, left his entire fortune to the Milton Hershey school for orphaned boys) was actually the daughter of a well-to-do dairy farmer. She'd been carefully raised by her conservative family, who

weren't in the least eager for her to marry in haste.

"Mr. Wagner was especially concerned about my education," Paar remembers, "and he was delighted when I assured him I had gone to Western Reserve University. This was technically true. As a lark, I once attended two classes in astronomy. By the time he found out my collegiate career had lasted two hours, we were already married, and I was keeping house in a tent on Guadalcanal."

On October 9th, 1943, Miriam and Jack were married, in the Dutch Reformed Church, in Hershey, Pennsylvania. Cuban pianist Jose Melis, Jack's inseparable buddy, played the organ. "And," says Jack, "Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* never sounded more like the cha cha cha."

During the wedding reception, a rather quiet do, Jack was seized by an impulse to liven things up, grabbed a microphone, cried, "This whole show is dying," and proceeded to emcee the party to its end.

Livening things up became pretty much Jack's stock in trade, during the next couple of years, as he entertained his fellow soldiers overseas. Enraged by the class system of the army, boys screamed with laughter when Paar punctured his superiors.

"Colonel Smith here tonight is a great friend of mine," Paar would say. "There isn't a thing he wouldn't do for me, that I wouldn't do for him. And that's the way it's been for the past five years—we haven't done a damn thing for each other."

Or, to an officer who talked loudly during a performance: "Lieutenant, a man with your I.Q. should have a low voice, too."

Or, to an officer in command: "My dear Sir—and you are none of the three—"

Despite Jack's huge G.I. success, he apparently had little thought of a big-time theatrical career. He came out of the army in 1946, went to live in Miriam's home town of Hershey. What he'd have wound up doing there is a moot question, since the Paars' seclusion was short-lived. A man named Sidney Carroll wrote a piece in Esquire about the private who 'out-brassed the brass,' and first thing anybody knew, Jack was offered an RKO screen test. "You're crazy," he's reported to have said, rather ungraciously, to the man who brought the subject up. "I can't act."

It was the only thing he couldn't do, however. He wrote his own screen test, signed for $300 a week, made a movie with a starlet named Marilyn Monroe who didn't impress him much (she was always late, and she carried books with intellectual titles) and was hired to be Jack Benny's summer replacement.

Promising and unpopular

By the end of the summer of '47, Jack had been named *The Most Promising Star of Tomorrow,* but some people considered him the most unpopular star of today. He feuded with columnists, disagreed with Jack Benny's writers, he switched agents, and wound up, finally, driving his MG down to the unemployment office to collect his $25 a week.

Maybe he was too frank, maybe he wasn't enough of a yes-man to get along in Hollywood. The only really wonderful thing that happened to him out there was the birth of his baby.

"I'd always wanted a daughter," he says. "I never cared as much for little boys. Maybe it's because I can't stand the smell of wet corduroy."

Randy was born by Caesarean section. Jack took Miriam to the hospital, and when they wheeled her out of the operating room, unconscious, he—Jack—keeled over in a dead faint. He fell into a passing laundry cart. When he came to, the doctor administering first aid offered a word of comfort. "It's a psychosomatic reaction."

"That's okay," said Paar. "Put it on my tab."

Once Jack had learned Randy was on her way, he'd converted the garage of his Hollywood house into a nursery for her. "My enthusiastic hammering and sawing turned the last three months of Miriam's pregnancy into a nightmare with stereophonic sound."

Little Randy was duly settled in her new nursery, but not for long. The floor slanted. "We'd tuck her in bed at night, only to find that by morning she'd rolled to the lower side, and was trapped there in the clutches of gravity."

For the Paars, everything seemed to be moving downhill.

In 1953, when Jack, Miriam and Randy moved back East, Jack had been out of work for close to two years. "I was in disorderly retreat," he says. "I had run through two movie studios, several network radio programs, one television show, the unemployment line and an assortment of agents, writers and sponsors. When trouble wasn't following me, I was leading it. If I had been on the *Loretta Young Show,* the doorknob would have come off in my hand."

A summer perennial (after replacing Jack Benny, he'd replaced Eddy Cantor and Don McNeill), Jack's career caused columnist John Crosby to wonder, "What does Paar do in the wintertime?"

"By moving to New York," Jack said, "I had hoped to break my jinx, and find a job even in the cool weather." It wasn't to be. "I turned thirty-five, and no one cared but the Serutan people."

A summer replacement (natch) for Arthur Godfrey led, however, to the big break. CBS signed Jack at $200,000 a year, gave him the *Morning Show* (which got good reviews, low ratings), later moved him to a half hour program in the afternoon. "It had the smallest audience in history. So few people watched us it would have been cheaper to phone them."

Eventually, Jack asked for his release from CBS, went home to Bronxville where he and his family now lived, and worked out a little radio show for ABC. "The cast consisted of Jose Melis, Miriam, Randy, our dog Schnapps, and me. When I was canceled, I'd run out of networks."

Hot potato

At the time NBC offered him the *Tonight* show, in June of 1957, they were handing Jack a hot potato. They'd been operating a disastrous little program called *America After Dark,* and sponsors were fleeing from the neighborhood. Desperate, NBC decided to give Paar a little rope. If he'd hung himself, they'd probably have kissed live programming good-bye forever—in that time slot, anyway—and switched to running old Lone Ranger movies.

Well, Jack did it. He kidded his sponsors, he invited good talkers—Alexander King, Harry Golden, Peggy Cass—to sit and gab, he made stars of virtual unknowns, he cried every time he was moved (he's known as Leaky Jack), he fed catnip to a lion and wrestled with a heavyweight, and turned a bottle of Bufferin into a kind of time bomb that exploded all over the stage.

Personalities such as Oscar Levant, Elsa Maxwell, Billy Graham, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Cliff Arquette, Genevieve, alternately charmed, inspired and outraged audiences. Other personalities such as Dody Goodman, Jack Douglas, Jonathan Winters, alternately charmed, inspired and outraged Jack himself.

Proud of his success, Jack nonetheless claims that if he had a solid income he'd quit show business, do something "more worthwhile." His friend Sidney Carroll believes he means it. "Everyone is after

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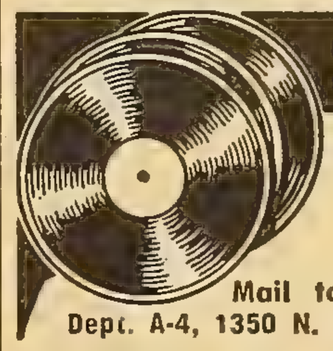
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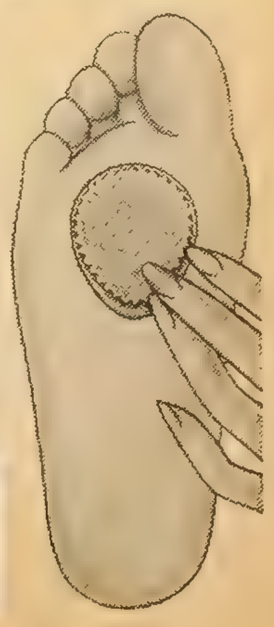
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this man day and night. This is a guy who is a terrible worrier. He's a tremendously insecure person. He's nervous. He doesn't sleep at night. He tosses and turns. Television is a horrible jungle—and he's right in the middle of it."

Never a publicity seeker, Jack has a passion for privacy, permits very few interviews, claims the world would be better "if everybody would just leave everybody alone."

Around his big red house in Bronxville, he's got a picket fence, and when he mows his lawn, or does battle with his crab grass, no prying eye can pick him out.

Randy, who's gregarious, sometimes baffles her father. Jack will be told Randy's off swimming at the country club with the other kids, and he'll go out and stare at his own empty swimming pool, and shake his head. "I never played with the kids."

Since June of 1957, when Jack took over *Tonight,* he and Miriam have stayed in town only three nights after the show. "We're very simple people; we prefer it that way," Miriam says.

Eventually, the Paars hope to move to Florida, and the thing Jack likes best about his new contract with NBC is a codicil that will allow him to retire in three years, and become a program consultant. He figures he can consult from Florida as well as from Bronxville, and he's already boning up on marine law. "I don't plan to stay on TV a moment later than I have to," he says. "The show gets better, and what do I get? Every night I go through hell. I'm always happy when the show is over, unless it's bad. It's the only happiness I know, the only peace, the only rest: because then it can't start again until tomorrow noon."

Peace to Jack means Miriam. Once the show's over, he dashes from the studio, hurries to Westchester. A greeting from the Dachshund, a look in at the sleeping Randy, a bite to eat, and all in the company of the lady who's been called 'a saint on earth,' 'the only living doll,' and, by one Paar writer, "unequivocally, as God is my witness, the sweetest, nicest woman I've ever met in my life."

For volatile, impatient, impulsive Jack Paar, this gentle, easy-going, deeply religious woman may seem an odd mate. But that they suit each other there's never been any question. And that he needs her and loves her and has found in this 'third marriage' his strength and his roots is perfectly clear, and beautiful to see. **END**

How Do You Raise Another Woman's Children?

(Continued from page 41)

wife Jeanne—hardly older than a teenager herself—and his three teen-age children by a former marriage who live with them.

"When Jeanne married Dean Martin she hardly realized that she wasn't only marrying Dean—who's quite a handful—but his four children as well," a friend says.

At the time Jeanne married Dean ten years ago, she was a fresh-faced, dewy-eyed girl of eighteen who'd been overprotected herself by an indulgent mother. At that time, too, his children were in the custody of their own mother.

But shortly afterwards, Betty Martin became too ill to take care of her children. Dean obtained custody and all four came to live with Dean and Jeanne.

Many times since, Jeanne Martin has asked herself, *How do you raise another woman's children?*

. . . It all began one night two years ago when Dean, his dark, handsome face troubled, came to her. It had become apparent that the children's mother was unable to take care of them by herself any longer. Dean didn't know what to expect from his Jeanne. Certainly he didn't expect this young, beautiful girl who had been coddled by her parents and spoiled by the attentions of many beaux—a girl married to him for only a few years and with their own babies to take care of—to place her slender hand on his and say simply, "Darling, if they're your children they're mine, too. They'll live with us here, of course. They'll mean just as much to me as our own."

The hard way

Jeanne meant what she said. For a couple of years previously the youngsters had spent week ends with Jeanne and their father. Jeanne had gone swimming with them, golfed with them, kidded around with them in the pool like a teenager herself, had gone shopping with them and had even listened to their teenage problems. She knew, of course, that guiding their lives on a full-time basis would be a lot different. And she was scared. She knew that the girls and Craig were fond of her, but how long would that fondness last if, as their full-time friend and mother, she had to lay down the law to them as well?

Another woman might have been tempted to be lenient in order to score with the youngsters. Or another woman as young and as full of love for good times as Jeanne might have left them to their own devices, or to the care of servants.

It would have been so easy for Jeanne, with two maids in the house, to have spoiled Craig and the girls rotten. Instead she took the hard way—and risked losing their love. But it was worth the risk.

She's strict with all three of the teenagers. And instead of resenting her, they adore her. "We can't fool Jeanne," they say admiringly, "She's on to us." Although they beef about the strict way she handles them, they're really proud of the way she makes them toe the line. They're hip; they know it means she really cares.

Fifteen-year-old Claudia and fourteen-year-old Gail have to clean up their room every morning, mop up their bathroom and do most of their own washing and ironing, except for delicate and difficult dresses. These the laundress does.

"I want our girls prepared for the future, whatever it may be like," says Jeanne. "So they have a rich father. So what? Does that mean they're going to have rich husbands? I want them to marry for love, not money. How can they suddenly take over handling a small apartment of their own on a young fellow's salary, if they'd been waited on hand and foot at home?"

Jeanne tells Alma, the maid, *not* to do the girls' room. "All girls should be able to clean their own rooms, whether they have rich parents or not," contends Jeanne.

The youngsters sometimes grumble good-naturedly about the work, but they adore Jeanne. Even when they protest, they like her firmness with them. They know Jeanne won't let them get away with murder, but she is always fair.

One night Claudia asked, "May I go to a show tonight with friends, and spend the night at Joanie's house?"

Jeanne didn't take time to think things over. "No," she said. "You went to a show just the other night. Tonight you should go to bed early. I'm afraid you'll stay up half the night talking if you spend the night with Joanie."

"Oh, Mom, how I'd like to go," Claudia pleaded. Maybe it was her tender use of the word mom—something Jeanne has never asked or expected of the children, but a word they've naturally fallen into. Or maybe she suddenly remembered her own teen years, not too long ago, when she, like Claudia, had had a very special girlfriend with whom she liked to spend the night and talk.

Anyway, a little later, Jeanne went to Claudia. "Honey, I've been thinking it over," she said. "Maybe I was a little hasty. Sure, you can go out tonight. And spend the night. When I was your age I loved spending the night with a girlfriend. But you must go to bed early tomorrow night to make up. Promise?"

"Promise," said a delighted Claudia.

Jeanne is constantly fighting to ward off teenagers' weaknesses that might sap them of character. Claudia is the day-dreamer, often to the point of do-nothingness. Jeanne can understand the day-dreaming. "I used to day-dream myself, and many of my dreams came true," she musingly told the girls once. "But if carried too far, day-dreaming can be downright dangerous. You have to face reality, too."

So she watches to see that Claudia's tendency to day-dream doesn't become a harmful habit. One day Claudia got up late, had breakfast, then went back to bed and stayed there till dinner.

Jeanne checked to find out if Claudia had been ill, discovered that she wasn't. Then she lit into her. "You weren't ill—just day-dreaming and lazy," she said. "A teenager shouldn't throw away an entire day doing nothing."

As punishment, she made Claudia clean the living room the next day. Sure, Claudia beefed about it. It would have been easier on Jeanne to let Alma do the job. But Jeanne believed she had to teach Claudia that spending an entire day lazying in bed was a practice not worth repeating. "If you get into the habit now of spending a day in bed, good heavens, what will you do when you're older?" said Jeanne. "Spend a week in bed? Start retreating from the world?"

What about Dean?

Why does Jeanne take on so much responsibility for the children instead of leaving it to Dean? Partly it's because he wants her to. By nature, he's indulgent and easy-going. The children used to be able to twist him around their little fingers. He loathes an argument, will agree to almost anything to avoid a scene. When he married Jeanne, he was in danger of losing his authority as a father. When he got home from the studio, or even from the golf course, all he wanted to do was flop in a chair and watch TV. He wanted to enjoy his children, not listen to the beefs and squawks of the day.

Listening to their problems, meting out punishment or advice, settling arguments would have upset the serenity he sought. So punishment from their father was almost unknown to the youngsters.

Jeanne had to teach Dean how to be a sterner parent. She spends a lot of time talking over the kids' problems with Dean. She tries to handle as many as she can by herself; when they're major she tries to get his viewpoint.

She believes that the disciplining of Craig should come from Dean. As a woman, she feels a bit unequipped to cope with a strapping six-foot, seventeen-year-old young man. Also, it's less humiliating for such a big guy to receive punishment from another man—his dad—than from a tiny blonde.

Like the girls, Craig has certain chores to do around the house. He has to make his bed, tidy his room, empty the trash and drive the younger kids to dental appointments. With so many youngsters, there are always a handful going to the dentist. As the young man in the family, Craig has to do errands for his father and sometimes for the household.

Occasionally he goofs off. One week he didn't clean his room. Then he left early in the morning without driving the younger ones around, as he'd been asked to do.

Craig told me, "I figured they wouldn't know how to punish me. After all, what could they do? I'm not a baby. They couldn't lock me up in my room, or send me to bed. But Jeanne found a way. Leave it to her," he said with a grin. "She said, 'No allowance for you this week. And no allowance next week until you settle down and meet your responsibilities here.'

"Boy, that was rough. I needed that ten-bucks-a-week allowance. What can a fellow do without money? It got to the point where I couldn't borrow and I couldn't put any gas in my car. So I had to level off and do the chores Jeanne wanted me to do at home. Guess Dad wanted me to do them, too, but he was never as strict as Mom."

One, when Jeanne took Craig off allowance because he'd goofed off again, he went to his dad and asked for ten dollars. "Sure," said Dean, handing him a tenspot. When Jeanne heard about it, she was furious and laid it on the line to Craig. "That's pretty sneaky of you, Craig. And that's what hurts. From now on, when you're off allowance, I'm going to tell your father."

From Jeanne, Craig's learning that he's expected to be above board about everything, and not to pit one parent against the other. . . .

No 'two-family' home

One Sunday Craig got up early and said he was going to drive to Balboa Beach. Said Jeanne, "I'd like you to take the younger children to church first."

"Oh no, I want to take off right now for Balboa," said Craig.

"You can go after you've taken the children to church," Jeanne replied firmly.

Craig was stubborn; Jeanne was firm. The immovable object met the irresistible force. Jeanne said, "I'll tell your father and he'll talk to you."

She did, and he did. Dean told Craig, "Take the kids to church."

Craig looked up at Dean in astonishment. He hadn't expected his easy-going father to be as stern as Jeanne. He knows that Dean rarely puts his foot down; when he does he means it. Craig took the children to church.

To Jeanne, this was important. Not only did she feel that insisting on this would strengthen Craig's character, but she hoped it would build up a greater bond between him and the younger children.

She doesn't want theirs to be a 'two-family' home. She knows what a tragedy it would be if a gulf of indifference were to exist between Dean's four children by his previous marriage—there's ten-year-old Dena besides the teenagers—and their three younger children, Dino, seven, Ricci, five and Gina, the baby. Consequently, the older ones are encouraged to play with the younger ones. Jeanne uses a woman's diplomacy and a mother's instinct to weld what might be two families into one.

So Craig has to drive Ricci, Dino and Gina here and there; sometimes reluctantly to be sure, but as time goes on, Jeanne knows the reluctance will disappear and a sturdy love will grow up between Craig and the youngsters. For this much she knows; Craig needs to be needed. Like any young man, he might grow in either direction, into a problem boy, if left without responsibilities, or into a fine young man. As for Claudia and Gail, they have to baby-sit with the youngsters many times and play with them. As in any normal household, they occasionally grumble, but they all feel very protective toward each other.

Dean learns, too

It takes a constant mother-hen type of flurrying to handle all the children of varying ages, with their various problems. Dean used to find it easier to follow the line of least resistance.

Now Dean goes along with Jeanne in letting the kids learn from their errors.

Dean and Jeanne have worked things out so that the kids can come to them whenever they're in a jam and get good advice—but that's all.

Jeanne isn't satisfied just to be a watchful disciplinarian. Her heart is set on bringing up the children to have the best things in life. Jeanne's no hard-boiled materialist; she knows that the best things for the teenagers are not jewels, foreign cars and maids to pick up after them.

One night recently, sitting in the den, Craig announced to Dean and Jeanne that when he finished Beverly High, next year, he wanted to volunteer for the army or navy instead of waiting to be drafted. Dean and Jeanne agreed to that. Then Jeanne, in her soft little voice said, "And what are your plans for afterwards, Craig?"

"Oh," Craig replied shrugging, "I dunno. be an actor maybe. Or a golf pro."

Dean was pleased. His son had his future goal selected. "Sure, boy," said Dean. "That's okay."

Jeanne reared her proud head. "Oh no, Dean," she said. "No, Craig. You must go to college, no matter what you plan to do. Because your father's an actor, you can't just suddenly decide to be one. His parents couldn't send him to college, so he went to his own particular school—the school of hard knocks. But it's much easier to go to college and have knowledge under your noggin forever. As for being a golf pro—to make good, you've got to be the best. There's no room for anyone less than that. If you go to college, lots of opportunities open for you."

For hours they sat up discussing it. Finally, Craig agreed that he'd seriously consider going to college.

Jeanne would like all their children to take lessons in many things and go to college. She wants them to be well-prepared for life.

In the meantime, she's the girls' confidante. "Shall I wear this pink-and-white or my navy to the show, Mom?" asks Gail. Jeanne goes through the girls' wardrobe carefully. (It's the navy, she decides. Better in a theater.) When Claudia is particularly quiet: "Anything on your mind?" asks Jeanne casually, not wanting to intrude. "Oh no. Well . . ." and out it spills, a question about a boy friend and what should Claudia do. Jeanne sits down and talks it over with her, even though it means keeping her good friend, Janet Leigh, waiting for her on their tennis court.

It seems that God answered Jeanne's prayer, *Dear God, how do you bring up another woman's children?*

You bring them up as if they were your own. You give them the love, the challenges, the discipline you give to your own. You cherish them, scold them, put your arms around them when they need that. And in the end, if yours is a loving heart, they know it and say: "Thank you, Mom." **END**

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Cheryl Crane 16 Months Later

(*Continued from page 39*)

forget . . . to put out of her mind so she could go on living. . . .

Lana Turner walked into her mother's house, carrying a big, plain box.

"You've *got* them, Mother," her daughter Cheryl yelled happily, as she raced down the stairs.

"Oh great," she said, kissing Lana and taking the box and then taking Lana's hand in hers. "Come on, let's go sit down and look at them, now, please?"

"I thought we'd eat first," Lana said.

"Mother!" Cheryl said. "You're kidding!"

Lana winked and laughed. "I'm kidding," she said. "Come on."

Together they walked into the living room and sat, on a couch, side by side.

Cheryl stared at the box for a long moment.

Then, slowly, she lifted its lid and reached for one of the white cards inside.

Slowly, she read the writing on the card.

"Mother," she said, turning to Lana, when she was finished, "to me this is more beautiful than even the most beautiful poem I've ever read, by Shakespeare or Walt Whitman or *anybody*!"

"I composed it, didn't I?" Lana asked, laughing again.

"Yes," Cheryl said, very serious now. Then, turning her eyes back to the card, she re-read it, aloud this time:

You Are Cordially Invited
to Attend a Party for
Miss Cheryl Crane
On the Happy Occasion of her
Sixteenth Birthday

— —

Bel-Air Hotel *Saturday, July 25, 1959*
Six-thirty p.m. *R.S.V.P.*

At that moment a small, trim, dark-haired woman entered the room.

"Grandma," Cheryl shouted, "do you want to see what the invitations look like?"

Without waiting for an answer, she jumped up from the couch and shoved the card into the woman's hand.

"Mighty pretty looking," said Mrs. Mildred Turner, with whom Cheryl had been living, by court decree, these past sixteen months. She read the card. "And mighty pretty sounding," she said then.

"Beautiful's more like it, *I* think," said Cheryl.

Mrs. Turner looked over at Lana and smiled.

"Pretty, beautiful . . . what do you say the three of us argue over this after we have our supper?" she asked.

Lana smiled back. "I'm with you, Mom," she said. "I'm starved."

Rough days and happy days

In the dining room a few minutes later, Lana and Mrs. Turner sat at the table, alone.

Lana looked down at her plate of soup for a moment and then called out, "Cheryl!"

"Coming," they could hear the girl call back from the other room, "—in just another second."

"I wonder what she's doing," Mrs. Turner said.

"She's probably got her list out and is addressing the envelopes already," said Lana.

"Oh no," her mother said, stifling a laugh. "*That* comes right after supper. You may not know it, but the three of us—right after we do the dishes—we're going to sit right here with that list and all of us are going to address envelopes. Fifty envelopes apiece. At least, that's what Miss Sweet Sixteen told me this afternoon."

"Sixteen," Lana said, softly, shaking her head. "It's hard to believe, isn't it . . . sixteen years passed, already, and my baby so grown up?"

They were both silent for a moment.

And then Mrs. Turner said, "Believe me, daughter, in those sixteen years, your baby—she's had some pretty rough days, rougher than any other child on this earth maybe—but she's never been any happier than she's been these last few days . . . ever since you told her about the party."

"I'm glad," Lana said, softly.

"Smile? I've never seen anybody smile so much," Mrs. Turner went on. "And excited about you bringing the invitations over tonight and about you taking her for her dress for the party Thursday? I think the last time I saw anybody that excited was when the lady next door, back home, won that geranium contest at the County Fair."

It was as she said this that Cheryl walked into the room.

"Mother," the girl asked, as she sat down at the table, "did Grandma tell you what we're all going to be doing tonight, after we do the dishes?"

Lana nodded. "Yes," she said. a smile coming back to her face. "Fifty envelopes apiece, indeed. My poor hand is aching *already!*"

With that, they all began to laugh.

No mail for Cheryl

Cheryl didn't get to finish her breakfast that following Thursday morning.

"Postman's here," she said to her grandmother at one point, putting down her glass of milk and rushing up from the table.

Outside the door of the house, she watched the weary-looking carrier reach into his sack.

"Here are a few letters for your Grandma," the man said, finally, "—but nothing for you, Miss Cheryl."

"*Nothing?*" Cheryl asked. "Are you sure. Are you definitely sure?"

The postman nodded. And then he asked the girl what she was waiting for that was so important.

Cheryl told him about the birthday party her mother was giving for her, about the invitations they'd sent out, about how she was waiting for the RSVPs from all the kids they'd sent them to— "A hundred and fifty," she said, "I mean, you'd think I would have gotten a couple of answers by now at least."

"And when was that you sent them, these invites?" the postman asked.

"Night before last," said Cheryl.

The postman sighed. Then, patiently, he explained that the mail service in town was fast, but not that fast—that she shouldn't expect to get any answers before tomorrow, Friday, the earliest.

"Oh," Cheryl said, a little disappointed and taking what mail there was. "Well, thank you—and I'll see you first thing tomorrow morning then."

When Cheryl walked back into the house her grandmother, she saw, was at the far end of the foyer answering the phone that had just begun to ring.

"Yes," Cheryl heard her say into the receiver, "yes, this is Mrs. Turner—Oh yes, about the party—yes. . . ."

Cheryl breathed in deep. "My first RSVP—and by telephone," she thought.

Too excited to wait to see which of her friends was calling, she turned and rushed into the den in the back of the house and to an extension phone there.

She picked up the receiver.

The phone call

"A *nerve,*" she heard a voice at the other end of the wire say—a woman's voice she didn't recognize right off. "One *hell* of a nerve, in fact," she heard the voice go on to say. "Now, my husband and I think it's bad enough our daughter has to go to the same school with your granddaughter. We think it's bad enough she has to go to the same church. Those things—well, they're beyond our control. But I've got no control left when I learn that now our daughter is expected to attend a birthday party for a girl who—"

"You'd better watch what you say," Cheryl heard her grandmother say, in a tone of voice she'd never heard her use before.

"I'd better watch?" Cheryl heard the woman ask, enraged. "*I'd* better watch . . . Just who the hell do you people think you are anyway . . . trying to protect a girl who—well, everybody knows what she's done, how awful and—"

Cheryl's hand was trembling as she put the receiver back into its cradle.

For the next full minute she stood there, stiffly, looking straight ahead of her, her hand still resting on the phone.

Then, slowly, she brought her hand to her side and walked to a chair and sat.

She'd been sitting there for at least another few minutes when she heard the footsteps make their way through the living room.

It was Mrs. Turner.

"Silly old dance studio," the woman said, looking down at her granddaughter, "always calling and asking me if I'm sure I wouldn't like to come learn the cha cha."

She took a step towards Cheryl, a worried look crossing her face.

"Cherie," she asked, "—you feeling all right?"

The girl didn't answer.

"Well, I should hope you *do,*" Mrs. Turner said. "Important day like this. Your Mama coming in a little while to take you downtown to buy you that dress and—"

She stopped and looked into her granddaughter's eyes.

She saw the big tears beginning to form in them. And then, suddenly, she saw the girl begin to cry, loudly, uncontrollably.

"What are you weeping for, child?" she asked. "And what are you staring at?"

She turned her head and she followed the stare.

And then she saw the phone. And she understood.

"Oh Cherie," she said, looking back at the girl. "Oh no, child . . . you didn't hear . . you didn't hear."

"People don't like me"

"But you don't think," Lana was asking a little while later, a few minutes after she'd arrived to pick Cheryl up, holding her sobbing daughter in her arms now. "—you don't think, darling, that this means no one will come to your party—do you?"

"I don't know what to think any more," Cheryl said. She shook her head. "All I know is that one's not coming and that there'll be more, lots more . . . People don't like me, Mother. Not really. Not even the ones who pretend to. I know that now."

"My baby," Lana whispered, holding her tight.

They were both silent for a long, long while.

And then, finally, Lana broke the silence.

"Cherie," she said, "do you remember

when you were small, very small, at night, when you would cry about something that had happened during the day, how I used to take you in my arms like this and tell you a story?"

Cheryl looked up at her.

"*Once upon a time,* I'd say," Lana said, "—remember? . . . Well, I want to tell you a story now, a true story. I've never told it to you before. But I want to, now."

Cheryl continued looking up at her.

And Lana began, "*Once upon a time—*"

There lived a girl named Julia, she said. In the city of San Francisco. She was nine years old, a lively little girl with long brownish-blonde hair, who had no brothers or sisters, but who lived with a mother and father she adored. Her father, especially, she adored, because he not only loved her very much but because he liked to dance with her, even when he was tired after a day's work, always he would pick her up and dance with her.

He was a wonderful man, Lana said. He had a beautiful name, too. His name was Virgil. He came originally from Alabama, a poor boy, with nothing in the pockets of his pants, but with a lot of love and tenderness and all those other good things inside him. He stayed poor, too, all his life, as far as financial things went. And maybe, Lana said, maybe that's why he ended up gambling once in a while. People used to tsk-tsk him for this. "Why does he have to gamble away what little he's got?" Julia used to hear some people say to her mother sometimes. But they didn't know that even in Virgil's gambling there was love and tenderness.

Like that night—that last night of Virgil's life.

It was Thursday night, and two days from payday, and Virgil was practically broke from all the expenses of living.

And on the next day, the Friday—Lana said—was his daughter Julia's birthday.

He'd boasted to his little girl a few months before that on her tenth birthday he would buy her a bicycle, the best and shiniest in all San Francisco.

And so, she said, he got into a dice game with some strangers.

He won, too, enough money to buy that bicycle.

When the game was over, he put his winnings in his left shoe and he began to walk away from the alley where he had played with the strangers.

But he didn't get very far.

And a few hours later the police found him, lying there in the alley, his coat pulled over his face, his left shoe and the money missing.

He was dead, Lana said.

Nightmare

And the nightmare began for his little girl, Julia, she said.

It wasn't terrible enough for the girl that her father was gone. But the day after the funeral, just the very day after, when the girl stepped out of the house in the morning to go do some shopping for her grieving mother, two skinny little girls and a fat boy stood outside the house, waiting, and when they saw Julia they began to shout a little verse they had rehearsed:

Her father was a gambler
He couldn't save his pay
Her father was a gam-bler
And now he's laid away
Good riddance to bad rubbish
Good riddance ha-ha-ha!

And Julia rushed back into the house, Lana said.

And she cried and cried and cried, almost as much as she had cried for her father dying.

And she thought that day, as she would think for the next two days, staying inside that house, closed off from the world, that nobody, nobody *wasn't* mean and hard in the heart and out to hurt you and make you feel like you wished that you, too, were dead.

Except, Lana said, that on the third day there was a knock on the door of Julia's house.

And a woman from down the street stood there, wearing a house apron and holding a big heavy pot in her hands.

And she said, "I've brought you some nice hot soup, for you and your mother. I know how awful you must feel. I'm just sorry I took so long."

"And this woman," Lana said now, "she not only brought the soup, but she invited Julia and her mother to dinner that following Sunday, with her and her husband and children. And then from out of nowhere, it seemed, other people brought things and did nice things. And Julia sat down one day, about a month later, and she counted all the people who had done the nice things and she realized that they far outnumbered the three children who had stood outside the house that first day, singing their cruel song. And she learned from that something she has never forgotten: that there are more good people in the world than bad; that there will always be the bad . . . but that there are more of the good. Lots more."

She looked down into Cheryl's eyes.

"That's the end of my story," she said.

"Were you Julia, Mother?" Cheryl asked.

"Yes," Lana said. "Yes. I was. . . ."

The Sweet Sixteen birthday party for Cheryl at the Bel-Air Hotel that night—Saturday, July 25—was a beautiful party.

Of the one hundred and fifty invitations sent, it turned out that there were only two refusals.

"Happy?" Lana asked her daughter, when it was all over.

Cheryl nodded.

She wanted to answer her mother, to say something, very much.

But she couldn't.

And so she reached for the corsage she was wearing and snipped off a flower.

And lovingly, gratefully, she pressed it into her mother's hand. **END**

Lana is soon in U-I's A PORTRAIT IN BLACK.

Rock and Rollers on the Road

(*Continued from page 55*)

at Sunshine Lakes, and he liked her right away. When he took her home, he asked for a date and she agreed.

Of course, he wouldn't be able to call for her at her house or spend much time with her.

She had to go to the club where he was tooting trumpet with Rocco And His Saints and wait patiently for him until he was finished. From then on, she was his favorite date. He liked her blue eyes, light brown hair, her soft femininity and her quiet listening when he confided how much his career meant to him.

When the band went on the road during the summer, Frankie did not see Angela again for three months. He wanted to date her on his sixteenth birthday, but his manager whisked him away to a record



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hop—which turned out to be a surprise birthday party . . . with Angela there too!

Frankie took Angela home that night, because he just had to talk to her about steady-dating. He had been brooding about his feelings for Angela and his ambitions in music. Going steady, he knew, meant sticking around his home town, virtually committing himself to early marriage. And he didn't want that, he decided. He wanted time to build his career.

So that night, as they sat in his manager's car, at her door, he explained how much he liked her, that he didn't want to go steady, but wanted to date her whenever he was in town.

He didn't tell her that he had talked the problem over with his managers and they had urged him not to endanger his popularity with girl fans by tying himself to any one girl.

Frankie has kept his promise to Angela. Whenever he's back in Philadelphia, she's his favorite date. But, on the road, he dates others, and she's free to also.

Frankie sighs, "Show business is sure a strange business . . . your managers help you decide on going steady!"

Love or career—the choice

The story of Jimmy Clanton and his home-town fiancee is another example of the serious choices the up-and-coming young entertainers have to make.

Jimmy got up at eight one June morning, and reached for the phone to call the girl he loved.

He had barely slept . . . she had been on his mind constantly. He had brooded after he had dropped her off at her house the evening before at ten o'clock.

He remembered the sharpness of her voice as she snapped, "You can't have both . . . it's either your music or me!"

They had been steady-dating since the night, eight months ago, when he saw her for the first time in the local night club he had been playing with his band.

And now they were going to elope. He had even found a furnished two-room apartment for $65 a month . . . but of course he hadn't dared to tell his parents. After all, he was only seventeen, and she was sixteen and still going to high school.

She would come to whatever club he was playing in, and wait for him. Then he would drive her home in his first new car, bought on time with his earnings as a guitarist-singer.

When the band became better known, Jimmy began to dream of making recordings and touring out of town. He drove to New Orleans one day to see if he could make a recording, but he had only one finished song and was told, "Come back with a second song." That's when he told her about his recording session scheduled for the next day, and how he had to dream up another song for it.

But, instead of comforting him and inspiring him, she became furious. She told him she was tired of being left alone when he had to go out of town! She wasn't going to be one of the girls left home by a traveling entertainer! Not her! She didn't intend to be a stay-at-home while he gallivanted on the road!

He knew he had to make the hardest decision of his life. He clenched his teeth, then said, "I've worked too hard to build a career in music . . . and I just can't back down now!"

Then he had gone to his best friend's home, and brooded until four in the morning, writing lyrics and composing fragments of melodies on his guitar . . . and trying to forget the ache in his heart.

Out of his anguish, he pieced together a song *Just a Dream,* and the words tumbled out:

Just a dream, just a dream . . .
All our plans, and all our schemes . . .
How could I think you'd be mine? . . .

When he awakened, restless and tired, he had immediately reached for the phone to call her. But, in the cold light of morning, he realized he could never marry her and hold down a steady local job and be a nine-to-five normal husband.

He pulled his hand back from the phone. He knew his romance was just a dream . . . and he could never never go back.

He turned away from the phone, dressed quickly, and went out to join the other musicians. Then they drove out to Baton Rouge, towards New Orleans.

The highway, twenty miles out, rolled by her house, and Jimmy couldn't resist glancing hopefully toward it.

But she wasn't on the porch . . . and he couldn't see her anywhere.

The other musicians razzed him for looking. "No girl is worth it!"

Jimmy pretended to be casual and indifferent, but he couldn't smile during the next sixty miles of the trip.

In New Orleans that day, he recorded the two songs, and a few weeks later the record came out. Three weeks after that, a New Orleans distributor ordered 35,000 copies, and then Boston and Philadelphia ordered 50,000 each. Within a few weeks, Jimmy was appearing on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand,* girls were screaming their love at him; he was buying expensive clothes, signing autographs and seeing his name in the papers.

The next time he saw her, she was with another guy, and he was with another girl. They didn't say another word to each other . . . and she passed out of his life. He had made his choice!

The trouble is . . .

Young entertainers have to go to record hops, visit disk jockeys, play ballrooms, auditoriums, arenas, night clubs and theaters, record in big-city sound studios, do occasional radio and TV guest shots.

Most rock 'n' roll units do three or four weeks on the road at a time. They average three hundred miles per day, usually by bus, and the young singers are usually tense, insecure and often away from home for the first time.

Some of the boys are from small towns and farms, and they promptly go wild with new-found freedom. The unit manager and the bus driver are usually considered the chaperons; but they don't usually care what happens provided it's quiet and doesn't get anybody into trouble.

Because bus accident insurance covers only the regular members of the troupe, friends and relatives are not permitted aboard. If a girl friend or wife wants to come, she has to fly into each new town for the day, or drive along in another car.

Few boys ever go back to their home-town girl after a taste of being on the road without parents around. There are too many pretty and easy-to-get girls backstage and hanging around the hotel.

The girl performers with each unit often spend the first few days of each tour sizing up the available men, and then date one of them for the rest of the tour.

It's a rough, exciting atmosphere for the young and the naive, and some parents won't permit their child to make such a tour without special precautions.

When Paul Anka was booked on his first tour, his father wouldn't let him go until the unit manager, Irvin Feld, promised to watch Paul like his own son. Feld took Paul, then barely fifteen, with him by plane while the rest of the show went by bus, and stayed with him constantly.

Even now that Paul's eighteen, he is never permitted to tour without adult chaperons. Frankie Avalon can't go anywhere without his dad, or managers, or road manager. Despite this vigilance, Frankie was an innocent bystander when a bunch of fifteen-year-old girls were caught by the Vice Squad in his Milwaukee hotel recently.

Fabian, sixteen, is never permitted to be alone when on the road. Some trustworthy adult is always along.

The hazards of the road are not just moral and spiritual; they are also physical. When J. P. Richardson (The Big Bopper), Buddy Holly and Richie Valens were killed in the air crash at Mason City, Iowa, last February, they could have saved their lives by going on the bus with the rest of the cast. But they wanted to get into the next town ahead of time and catch some sleep . . . so they chartered a plane . . . and the plane crashed.

The crash left behind three inconsolable girls: two pregnant widows and Richie's steady girl.

Teddy Randazzo is typical of a young singer whose career ruined his romance. He had been going steady for seven years but the demands of his career kept undermining his courtship.

He explains he's busy not only when he's on the road but when he's back in town, he is rehearsing and studying acting and music . . . and he's not ready for a date until midnight. "Now what kind of girl goes out at midnight?" he asks. "I have practically no social life. Why, after I play an engagement, I go back to my hotel and brood."

Bobby Darin, also, admits the faster his career moves, the worse are his chances to find the right girl.

"I used to steady-date a couple of girls when I was knocking around New York, trying to get started as a songwriter and singer," he says. "But now that I've got a big schedule of bookings, recording sessions, personal appearances and so forth, I don't see any girl steadily any more. I'm never in the same place long enough to really get to know a girl. When I date, it's on the spur of the moment, and the girl has to come along quickly and tolerate it if I have to leave her suddenly."

Recently, Bobby phoned blonde rock 'n' roll singer, Jo-Ann Campbell, and said, "Want to come with me to the Sammy Davis Jr. opening at the Copa tonight?" She said, "Okay," dressed hurriedly, and Bobby picked her up and drove her to the Copa for the first show. Then he drove her home, and he returned to the Copa to confer with Sammy about a movie deal.

"Only a girl in show-business, like Jo-Ann, will tolerate this kind of dating," says Bobby.

Leaving the home-town girl behind is not the only sad by-product of the careers of young singers. Lots of young married singers suddenly find themselves on the road three or four months at a time . . . and their marriages start falling apart.

Conway Twitty, for instance.

He had married pretty brunette beautician Maxine Jaco back in Helena, Arkansas, in 1952. When he returned after two years in the U.S. Army, he decided to become a rock 'n' roll singer and organized a small band. He toured, tried recording but couldn't turn out a hot record, and wound up in Canada in a night club. He hadn't seen his wife and children for four months; he didn't have enough money to bring them to Canada. He wrote, and when he could afford it, phoned long distance. "And when the kids got on the phone," he says, "I felt real bad . . . so bad, I could cry."

Then a couple of his musicians quit; they were lonely and depressed too. So he dumped the band, returned home. But his new manager persuaded him to try again, so he got up a new band and borrowed money.

"My wife and my parents urged me to quit. I would be away four and five months at a time."

He was about to quit for good when he got a hit record. Now he's bought a new house in Marianna, Arkansas, and he's happier, but he still feels he's on the road too much. "Home means so much to me that, sometimes, the other musicians and I will take turns at the wheel and drive fifteen hundred miles to get home.

"When I get home, I rush into the house, see the kids, talk to my wife for an hour . . . and pass out cold! That's how exhausted I am!"

Jimmie Rodgers has been trying to figure out a way to be with his wife Colleen more and still grab lucrative out-of-town bookings. When he goes on one-nighters, she stays home—the short jumps are too exhausting for her. When he works in one place for a week or more, she goes along. She's eager to be with him as much as possible because he's been overworking himself, he's a worrier, and he neglects to eat properly—with the result he's underweight and tense.

Dale Hawkins married the girl he knew for six years and he explains, "We talked everything over carefully; she knows I've got to travel a lot. She goes to college, and when I'm on the road, she stays at her parents' home during the day and sleeps in our apartment at night. This way I know where she is all the time, and I feel better."

When the Everly Brothers are on the road, Don phones his wife every night after the show. And once, he was so exhausted, he fell asleep in the middle of the long distance call. Fortunately his wife Sue sensed what had happened, hung up right away, then notified the operator to disconnect the call.

The Everlys have been cutting down their road tours, so Don can spend more time with his family. "No sense working beyond a certain point," they say. "The money goes to taxes anyway."

Even Pat Boone, whose happy home life has been a legend, has had many painful moments when his wife Shirley rebelled at his too-demanding career.

She says they were really happy when he was earning fifty dollars a week singing in radio and they were living in Denton, Texas, and waiting for the first baby to arrive. But when, subsequently, he zoomed into stardom and had to zip around the country making personal appearances and seeing disk jockeys, she began to realize the enormity of the threat of his career to their marriage.

She couldn't help but think back to the time when she and her sisters rarely saw their famous father, singer Red Foley, and how their mother languished at home with loneliness. She began to fear the same thing would happen to her.

She tried to stay close to Pat by accompanying him on personal appearances. It was nerve-racking and tiring, but she insisted on going along.

One day she went to Atlantic City, to be with Pat while he worked at the Steel Pier theater, doing seven shows a day. She took along her baby and her sister Jenny, and waited nervously for Pat to join them for dinner between the fourth and fifth shows that day.

But Pat had to visit a local disk jockey show, on a sudden call and at the theater's request. When he arrived at the hotel, late, to join Shirley, he couldn't find her. He raced out to the boardwalk, frantically, and found her wandering unhappily toward the nearest restaurant.

When she saw him, her anxiety and frustrations overwhelmed her and she burst into bitter tears.

"This is the kind of thing that killed my mother!" she cried.

Pat protested that it was business; he just had to make that disk jockey show.

Pat's companion, Mickey Addy of Dot Records, stepped in to explain, "Shirley, you know this is part of show business . . . and what can we do? We all have to put up with it. . . ."

A couple of years later, Pat and Shirley were in Hollywood for the first time, and tingling with excitement when they met their idol, Bing Crosby, for the first time.

After the usual introductory small talk, Shirley burst out with, "Mr. Crosby . . . when will I get my husband back?"

Bing understood. He said: "In about thirty years."

And that's the way success comes to young singers. It breaks their hearts, and drives away their girls-at-home, . . . and leaves young husbands aching with loneliness.

It is a high price they pay. **END**

Permission to use lyrics from JUST A DREAM *given by Cosimo V. Matassa.*

Details from My Deathbed

(Continued from page 47)

will never be quite the same. Not after what he has been through. . . .

Life had been good to Roger Smith. He had always gotten pretty much what he wanted, though sometimes he had to work hard for it. Certainly he would be the envy of most young Americans. He was well put together, a rugged six-feet-two with a clean, rugged handsomeness. He was bright as well as athletic, a ready choice by classmates of the boy most likely to succeed.

And he did. After some seasoning as an actor, he was signed by Warner Brothers to star in *77 Sunset Strip* on TV with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Edd Byrnes. The show was a hit, and all three of the principals were rocketed to stardom.

Roger's private life followed the same pattern of success. He met and married the lovely young actress Victoria Shaw. Such marriages were supposed to be rocky, but Roger and Victoria confounded the skeptics by continuing a blissful marriage. They were blessed by two children, Tracy and Jordan.

The Smiths lived in a comfortable, airy home off Mulholland Drive, overlooking the full sweep of the San Fernando valley. It was there that Roger stumbled into the life-or-death adventure that was to make such a profound change in him.

Beginning of the end

It was an early summer morning, bright and clear. Roger decided to drive down to the studio in Burbank. He had just recorded an album for Warner Brothers Records called *Beach Romance*, a collection of the tunes he had sung on the sands of Hawaii and elsewhere. He planned to go out on tour to exploit the album, singing on TV shows like Dick Clark's. To do so, he had to learn to 'lip sync'—mouth the lyrics to a record playback. His studio dressing room had a full-length mirror before which he could practice, so he decided to take his record player there.

He hoisted the bulky hi-fi set and went out the front door. He thought the way was clear, forgetting that he had recently changed the location of a big flower pot.

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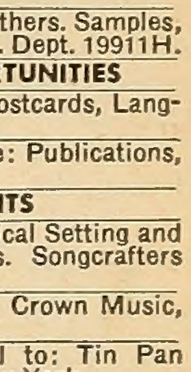
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DEAN STUDIOS

Dept. X-677, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

His visibility impeded by the hi-fi set, he stumbled over the planter. He crashed to the ground, his chin striking the corner of the set and his head jarring backwards with a snap.

Vickie heard the noise and rushed out of the house to see what had happened. She found Roger lying on the ground, dazed and helpless. His eyes were open, but he seemed not to recognize anything. He remained sprawled on his back until Vickie helped him up and into the house.

He sank onto the bed and his glassy eyes viewed her strangely.

"What are you doing here in Chicago?" he asked curiously.

"Chicago?" she said. "What do you mean, Chicago?"

"That's where we are," he said positively.

She was frightened. He had just returned from a cross-country journey with other Warners players to publicize *The Young Philadelphians*. In his dazed state, he believed he was still on the tour and he couldn't comprehend why his wife would be visiting him there.

Then he started getting sick. She rushed to the phone and called the studio. A doctor was dispatched to examine him.

The doctor said the impact of the fall had caused temporary amnesia. Roger's situation did not seem serious, since he had recovered safely from amnesia four times before. Once in high school it had happened in the boxing ring, another time in a fist fight. When he was at the University of Arizona, he had twice suffered blows on the football field that made him lose his memory for a while.

"Stay in bed and don't eat anything," the doctor said. "We'll see if your trouble won't go away."

It didn't. The pain in Roger's head grew more intense, and he realized he had been seriously hurt. He was taken to a hospital that afternoon.

He was checked all over, and the examiners concluded that the sudden snapping had strained the ligaments in his neck. The solution for this was traction, and Roger was adjusted with pulleys and weights designed to ease his pain. Still, the pain wouldn't go away. For five days and nights, Roger suffered fierce headaches such as he had never known before.

The accident happened on Monday. On Friday, the pain suddenly vanished, Roger was released from the hospital, the nightmare behind him.

"For God's sake, help me . . ."

He returned to his family and home and resumed a normal life, even painting his garage that week end. He went back to the studio on Monday and did a press interview. Gradually his old friend pain was returning. By Tuesday, he was in agony again. He tried to conduct another interview at lunch, but he could hardly speak. He excused himself, but he couldn't rise from his chair. He had to be driven home.

Roger returned to the hospital that night. Once again he was put into traction, and that seemed only to aggravate his condition. He endured this for three days, taking bigger and bigger doses of sedatives.

At this point, Roger decided to see a neuro-surgeon specializing in brain ailments. The doctor diagnosed Roger's problem as a migraine headache brought on by the strain of the recent bus trip. A bloodshot left eye seemed to support his theory. Roger was given a supply of tranquilizers and pain killers and discharged again.

That week end, he was worse. For ten minutes, he lost the power of speech and the use of his right arm. He took the tranquilizers and they did no good.

"For God's sake, help me!" he pleaded with the doctor.

"It's just a mental thing," he was told.

But *he* knew the pain was not exaggerated. It encompassed his whole being; he could think of nothing else. On Sunday night, it seemed to be conquering him. He was unable to speak. He tried to move his right arm, but he couldn't. His tongue became like lead. His cheek was paralyzed.

His frightened wife had sent for the doctor. Finding Roger rolling on the floor, the doctor made his analysis: nervous breakdown. An ambulance rushed the patient to a private hospital in Los Angeles.

It was an ominous place, with bars on the windows and straps to hold the patients down. Vickie shuddered at the bleakness of the room and the pitiful figure of her husband, forcibly held in bed and unable to speak of his pain. He was aware of what was happening to him, but his lips couldn't form the words of protest.

"I can't leave him here," she wept.

"Trust me," the doctor replied. "Leave him here for two weeks and he'll be well."

In less than two weeks, he'd have died.

At last, someone believed

Vickie wouldn't be soothed. She knew her husband needed help, and she called a psychiatrist who was also a neurologist. He examined Roger and recognized that something physical was wrong with him. That was indicated by the fact that only his right side was paralyzed.

On Tuesday, Roger was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles, where he underwent extensive tests. A tap of his spinal column indicated the fluid was yellow instead of white. That meant that blood was somewhere present in the spinal fluid.

A tube was inserted into the artery leading to the brain, and iodine was injected. This caused the brain to show dark on the X-ray while the blood appeared white. The picture revealed that Roger had a massive blood clot on the left side of his brain.

Now the mystery of what had happened to him came into the light. When he fell with the hi-fi set, his head was suddenly jerked back. The brain is cushioned from most simple blows by the spinal fluid it is immersed in. But Roger's shock was so violent that veins in the back of his head popped, filling his cranial cavity with blood. Thus the violent headaches, which the traction only aggravated in his early treatment. The pain had stopped after five days because the blood had clotted. But after Roger's peaceful week end at home, the clot opened again and began pressing harder and harder on his brain.

The doctors explained their diagnosis to Vickie.

"There is enough blood in your husband's brain to stop the motor functions of his body," she was told. "That means that his heart will stop. He wouldn't be able to last through the week end. We have to operate, but we need permission. He is unconscious with sedation, and it would be dangerous to wake him to face such a decision. So you must decide."

Vickie had no choice. She said yes.

She asked how soon would they know whether Roger would live or die. The answer was: four days.

The mechanical aspects of the operation were a success. The rest was up to the patient.

His head covered with bandages, Roger was wheeled back to a section of the hospital reserved for serious heart patients. Vickie sat beside his bed until finally he began to stir. His eyes flickered open and he gazed into her beautiful face. He smiled.

It was the first smile she had seen from him in three tortuous weeks, and this was almost more than she could stand. He was asked if he recognized her.

Later, he thought it was curious that he responded not with her real name Jeannette or Vickie or 'my wife.' He called her Victoria Shaw, her screen name.

They laughed and chattered on and it seemed as though the whole dark picture had vanished from their lives.

What it's like to die

For three hours, Roger felt elated and cheerful. He seemed to have regained all his faculties. And then the blackness fell again.

At first, he fought it. That was the night when he felt in his delirium that he was dying. He could feel the numbness of death crawling up his body, eager to capture him if he fell asleep. So he fought to stay awake through the night. Finally at dawn he gave in to sleep.

He awoke to find that pain was still with him. His headache was as brutal as it had ever been, and again he was paralyzed and couldn't speak. The brooding helplessness pressed down on him, destroying his hopes, even his will to live.

I don't want to live like this, he told himself. *If I'm not going to be able to talk and move, I'd rather be dead.*

He had to find the spark of life again, and it was Vickie who gave it to him. She danced into his room, bringing him toy animals and other gifts. She told him jokes, she acted out scenes. If he refused to laugh, she tickled him until he did. She cheered him for hours every day and into the night. It was a great performance. She waited until she was home alone before she cried her eyes out.

For four days, Roger continued on the critical list. One hundred and twenty-eight injections of penicillin were shot into him to prevent infection in the wound, left open to complete the draining. To this was added the continuing injections of sedatives.

The four days passed, and Roger felt a change. He gazed down at his fingers and saw them move. Soon he could lift his arm and shift his weight in the bed. His lips struggled to make a sound and he said his first word. So help him, it was—"Kookie."

Recovery

He gazed at a magazine and tried to read it. The type seemed to be printed in Hebrew. But he kept peering at it and gradually the words began to appear. Soon he could read whole sentences.

One day he needed a nurse urgently, and none answered his call. He flung aside the sheet and hobbled across to the bathroom. Later, the nurses and doctors bawled him out for taking the chance of falling. He admitted he was wrong. But he had proven to himself that he would be able to walk.

Now the recovery came fast. During those first four days of depression after the operation, he didn't realize that his brain was still pressed out of position. As it went back to its original place, his faculties returned. Aiding his recovery were the student nurses of St. Vincent's, who flocked to his room to see the star of *77 Sunset Strip*. And when Edd Byrnes and Louis Quinn came to pay a visit, the room was a sea of white.

Finally, he was well enough to be released from the hospital, and he went home to rejoin his family. Now it was Vickie's time to falter. The strain of the harrowing weeks of doubt, of the masquerade of gaiety began to show. She burst out crying at the most casual remarks, and appeared headed for a nervous breakdown.

So Roger took her to the ocean for a week. For seven beautiful days, they knew nothing but the sea and sand and sky and their love for each other. Now they both were healed and they could go back to their life together. **END**

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